

103d

A NEW
VERSION
OF

The SONG of SOLOMON,
Into common METRE.

TOGETHER WITH
A NEW EDITION
OF

A PARAPHRASE, or large EXPLICATORY POEM
Upon the same BOOK.

Wherein the mutual Love of CHRIST and his
CHURCH, contained in that Old Testament
Song, is imitated in the Language of the New
Testament, and adapted to the Gospel Dispen-
sation.

To which is subjoined,

The ten Plagues of *Egypt* named and justify'd,
The ten Commands abridg'd and verify'd.

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12. D. C.

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P R E F A C E

T O T H E

V E R S I O N.

R E A D E R,

AFTER I had written a Paraphrase on the Song of Solomon, which has been published Fourteen years ago, I had no design of printing any thing else upon that book; but when the motion was made of turning all the Scripture Songs into common Meeter, for the same use with the Psalms of David, I was also urged to make a short Version likewise of this Song, as near as possible to the Text. This task I undertook, not without some reluctance, knowing how much the spiritual matter of this Book is represented by such homely metaphors as would be very hard to express barely, in such a manner as to be fenced against the abuse of carnal minds: on this account, tho' I have now studied as little of a paraphrase or explication as I could, yet in several places, where I thought the meaning might be most ready to be misinterpreted, or not so obvious, I have formed the version with such short interwoven glosses upon some of the texts, as may tend to enlighten the metaphor a little, and make the main intent thereof appear, in a way that I apprehended to be least liable to abuse.

I have seen some Versions of this Book in common meeter, that could very little contribute to my assistance in this, unless it was to make me see

T H E P R E F A C E

what might be avoided or amended, according to my view. Only Mr. Mason's version was more acceptable to me, than any other I have seen, and therefore I have, in several verses here and there, taken what help it, together with his and my own paraphrase, could afford me, in a suitableness to my taste, or the form into which I chose to put it. So that after consulting the labours of others, in versifying this Book of the Song, you have here the plainest version I could conceive within so narrow and contracted bounds.

This Song being an intire book of scripture by itself, I have allowed this version of it to be published by itself, as I did that upon the book of the Lamentations, before the rest of the scripture songs, which may afterward be published together. I have also allowed the Paraphrase on this book to be reprinted together with the Version, that whosoever wants a more full explication thereof, than the short version can give, may, if they please, turn over to the paraphrase for it. As to what may be further necessary in a prefatory way, I refer the reader to the preface which is prefixed to the said paraphrase, whereof the main difference between this and the former Edition, is in the fourth and seventh chapters, which were before in long meeter, but now are turned to the same common meeter with the rest, because I have been told that this latter kind was more acceptable to some than the other.

That the church and people of God may be edified by these works, is the earnest prayer of their servant, and yours in Christ,

R. E.

[5]

A N E W
V E R S I O N
O F

The SONG of SOLOMON,

Into common M E T R E.

C H A P. I.

The TITLE.

(1.)

Verse 1. **T**HIS song to Solomon the wife
As penman fam'd belongs,
And justly for its sacred rise
Is nam'd, the song of songs.

(2.)

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 2. With kisses of thy mouth divine
O let me favour'd be;
For better than the richest wine
Thy love appears to me.

(3.)

Ver. 3. Thy name like ointment sweet pour'd out
Doth all perfumes excell,
Hence virgin-souls, the sacred rout
Of saints, do love the well.

(4.)

Ver. 4. O draw me with thy loving cord,
We will run after thee:
Lo to his chambers deck'd, my lord
The king hath handed me.

(5.) In

(5.)

In thee we'll joy; this love of thine
 We'll mind, with more delight
 Than all the blessings of the vine:
 Thou'rt lov'd by the upright.

(6.)

Ver. 5. O Salem's race, I'm black o'ergrown,
 As tents of Kedar were,
 But comely too by grace I own,
 As Solomon's curtains fair.

(7.)

Ver. 6. View not my scorch'd and sun-burnt face,
 No beauty there you'll see:
 My mother churches angry race
 Have roughly dealt with me.

(8.)

Their hate and envy made me trudge,
 Their vineyards to inspect,
 And while at theirs I was a drudge,
 Mine own I did neglect.

(9.)

Ver. 7. But thou, my soul's beloved one,
 O tell me I request,
 Where feedest thou, and where at noon
 Mak'st thou thy flock to rest:

(10.)

For why should I with sorrow stain'd,
 As one led off the way,
 'Mong flocks of thy companions feign'd
 Be left to go astray?

(11.)

CHRIST'S *Words.*

Ver. 8. Know'st thou not, fairest of fair brides,
 Go trace the feet of saints,
 The flocks fair steps, and feed thy kids
 Beside the shepherds tents.

(12) Thy

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7

(12.)

Ver. 9. My love, I have, to hold thee out
'Gainst foes that would thee wrong,
Made thee like Pharaoh's stately rout
Of chariot-horses strong.

(13.)

Ver. 10. Great comeliness thy dress bespeaks,
The graces all thee deck,
Rare jewel rows adorn thy cheeks,
And golden chains thy neck.

(14.)

Ver. 11. My father working still with me,
We will, with power divine,
More golden borders make for thee,
With studs of silver fine.

(15.)

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 12. Lo, while the king of Zion crown'd,
Sits at his table head,
My spikenard, flowing, doth around
It's grateful odour spread.

(16.)

Ver. 13. Like as of myrrh a bundle, lo,
My well beloved guest
Shall, all the night of sin and woe,
Within my bosom rest.

(17.)

Ver. 14. In vineyards fair of Engedi
Are camphire clusters sweet,
Much more is my belov'd to me,
When he and I do meet.

(18.)

CHRIST's Words.

Ver. 15. Lo, thou art fair; lo, thou, my love,
Art fair, without disguise;
The beauties of the modest dove
Are in thy graceful eyes.

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(19.)

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 16. Nay, my belov'd, who, me to screen,
 Thy beauty put'st on me,
 Thrice fair art thou; yea, what a green
 And flowing bed have we!

(20.)

Ver. 17. The royal house of our repair
 Hath beams of cedar strong,
 With cypress galleries, and there
 In state we walk along.

C H A P. II.

(1.)

CHRIST's *Words.*

Ver. 1. I am the rose of Sharon fair,
 To deck the field around;
 The lilly of the valley, there
 To grace the lowest ground.

(2.)

Ver. 2. Among the daughters in the throng
 My love, whom grace adorns,
 Shines as the lilly does among
 The rugged hurtful thorns.

(3.)

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 3. As th' apple-tree does far excell
 Trees of the common wood,
 So my belov'd surpasseth all
 The sons of noblest blood.

(4.) 1

The SONG of SOLOMON.

9

(4.)

I sat me down with great delight,
My weary soul to rest,
Beneath his shade, and O how sweet
His fruit was to my taste !

(5.)

Ver. 4. He brought me to his house of wine
To feast, and then to aid
The banner of his love divine
He over me display'd.

(6.)

Ver. 5. Stay me with flaggons, comfort me
With apples from above ;
I languish till my Lord I see,
Haste, for I'm sick of love.

(7.)

Ver. 6. He's come, and with his left hand he
Supports my sinking head,
And his right hand imbracing me
Strong comfort brings wi' speed.

(8.)

Ver. 7. O Sāfēmites, I you obtest
By rural hinds and roes,
Wake not my love while pleas'd to rest,
Nor mar the sweet repose.

(9.)

Ver. 8. Lo, my belov'd whose voice so nigh
My soul with wonder fills,
Comes leaping on the mountains high,
And skipping on the hills.

(10.)

Ver. 9. With speed his active love to show
On hights that would us part,
He's like the pleasant, bounding roe,
Or loving, youthful hart :

B

(11.) Lo

(11.)

Lo, he behind our wall doth stand:
 He's at the windows seen,
 Displaying thro' the grate at hand
 Himself, in flowery green.

(12.)

Ver. 10. Sweet was my Lord's most charming tone,
 When thus I heard him say,
 " Rise up, my love, my fairest one,
 " Make haste, and come away.

(13.)

Ver. 11. " Inviting spring adorns the clime,
 " For lo the winter's past,
 " Now is the fair accepted time,
 " Quite o'er's the stormy blast.

(14.)

Ver. 12. " The flowers upon the earth appear,
 " Birds singing time's at hand,
 " The turtle's voice, to charm the ear,
 " Is heard within our land.

(15.)

Ver. 13. " Green figs upon their trees are grown,
 " Young grapes are smelling gay,
 " Arise, my love, my comely one,
 " Make haste, and come away.

(16.)

Ver. 14. " O thou, my dove, that in cleft rocks
 " And secret stairs I spy,
 " Absconding there, thro' fear of shocks,
 " Or shame to face the sky :

(17.)

" Come let thy beauteous face appear,
 " Lift up thy voice to me;
 " For well thy voice delights mine ear,
 " Thy countenance mine eye.

(18.) " Take

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11

(18.)

- Ver. 15. " Take us the foxes with engines,
" The little foxes here
" That spoil the vineyard : for our vines
" Most tender grapes do bear."

(19.)

- Ver. 16. My well beloved Lord is mine,
And likewise I am his :
Among the lilly-beds his fine
And pleasant feeding is.

(20.)

- Ver. 17. Until day break, and shades depart .
Turn, my belov'd, and flee
Swift like the roe, or youthful hart
On Bether hills to me.

C H A P. III.

(1.)

The CHURCH's Words.

- Ver. 1. By night upon my bed I sought
Him whom my soul doth love,
I sought him, but I found him not,
Which did my sloth reprove.

(2.)

- Ver. 2. I'll rise in quest of my belov'd,
And search the city round,
In public streets : so there I rov'd,
Yet ah, he was not found.

(3.)

- Ver. 3. The city-watchmen met with me,
Their wonted round who move ;
To whom I said, O did you see
The object of my love?

B 2

(4.) 'Twas

(4.)

Ver. 4. 'Twas but a little further on
I past from them apart,
But to my joy I found anon
The darling of my heart:

(5.)

I held him, nor would let him go,
Till I had brought him home,
My mother's house and room into,
That bore me in her womb.

(6.)

Ver. 5. O Salem's race, I you obtest,
By rural hinds and roes,
Wake not my love while pleas'd to rest,
Nor mar the sweet repose.

(7.)

The COMPANIONS Words.

Ver. 6. Who's this from desert does so fleet,
Like smoky pillars rise,
Perfum'd with myrrhe and incense sweet,
Adorn'd to our surprize?

(8.)

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 7. Behold his bed that's Solomon's
For peace and pomp renown'd:
Which threescore men of Isra'l's sons
As valiant guards surround.

(9.)

Ver. 8. They all bear arms couragiously,
Expert and train'd to fight:
Each with his sword upon his thigh,
Because of fear by night.

(10.) The

(10.)

- Ver. 9. The chariot which king Solomon
Did for himself aray,
Did frame of wood from Lebanon;
With silver pillars stay:

(11.)

- Ver. 10. Did gold its bottom, and above
Its cov'ring purple make:
The midst thereof was pav'd with love,
For Salem's daughters sake.

(12.)

- Ver. 11. Go, Virgins, see king Solomon,
Deck'd with the crown so gay,
His mother crown'd him with, upon
His joyful marriage day.

C H A P. IV.

(1.)

CHRIST'S *Words.*

- Ver. 1. Lo, thou art fair to me, my love,
Lo, Zion, thou art fair,
The eyes as of a beauteous dove
Shine thro' thy locks of hair:

(2.)

- Gay like a pleasant flock of goats,
On Gilead's stately hight,
Is thine adorning hair, (that notes
Thy known deportment bright.)

(3.)

- Ver. 2. Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep
Even thorn, from washing come;
Each active grace does order keep,
And bring it's product home.

(4.) Thy

(4.)

- Ver. 3. Thy lips, resembling scarlet threed,
And comely speech, indear:
Within thy locks thy temples red
Like 'granates halv'd appear.

(5.)

- Ver. 4. Thy neck is like to David's tower,
Built for a magazen,
Whose pegs a thousand bucklers bore,
All shields of mighty men.

(6.)

- Ver. 5. Thy breasts resembling two young roes,
Do feed like friendly twins,
'Mong lilly fields, thy babes and those
That haunt thy public inns.

(7.)

- Ver. 6. Till day-break chase the shades of woe,
I'll rest in Zion still,
Unto the mount of myrrhe I'll go,
And to the incense hill.

(8.)

- Ver. 7. My love, thou art all fair and clean,
The chief of beauteous brides,
No spot in thee is to be seen,
But what my favour hides.

(9.)

- Ver. 8. Fair spouse, by marriage tyes alone
I urge my call on thee,
Come, come with me from Lebanon,
From Lebanon with me:

(10.)

Look from Amana's top that chills,
Shinir and Hermon high,
From lions dens and leopards hills,
Where gastly dangers ly.

(11.) My

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(11.)

Ver. 9. My sister, spouse, thou in effect,
With one glance of thine eye,
With one chain of thy stately neck,
Hast rap'd my heart from me.

(12.)

Ver. 10. My sister dear, how fair's thy love,
How better far than wine,
Thy savoury ointments smell above
All eastern spices fine!

(13.)

Ver. 11. Thy lips drop like the honey-comb,
There milk and honey flow:
Thy garments smell like Lebanon,
Where Aromatics grow.

(14.)

Ver. 12. My love's a garden well inclos'd,
Delicious fruits to yield:
And spring shut up and unexpos'd,
A fountain safely seal'd.

(15.)

Ver. 13. Thy plants of grace do parallel
An orchard rich with trees,
And fruits that gratify the smell,
And form a paradise.

(16.)

Ver. 14. Here pomegranates and camphire grow,
Here trees of incense bloom,
Nard, cynamon, myrrhe, aloes blow
With gales, a rich perfume.

(17.)

Ver. 15. My love's a garden-fountain known,
A living well beside,
Whose gladdening streams from Lebanon
Thro' distant valleys glide.

(18.) *The*

(18.)

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 16. Awake, O north wind, come, thou south,
 Upon my garden blow,
 Soon will the breath, Lord, from thymouth
 Make all the spices flow :

(19.)

Then, Lord, come share the pleasant spice
 Thus by thy Spirit blown ;
 My garden be thy paradise ;
 The fruits are all thine own.

C H A P. V.

(1.)

CHRIST's *Words*

Ver. 1. I'm come, my spouse and sister dear,
 I'm to my garden come,
 I've gather'd up my spice and myrrhe,
 And eat my honey-comb :

(2.)

My feast of honey milk, and wine,
 With pleasure shar'd have I:
 Come eat and drink, O friends of mine,
 Yea drink abundantly.

(3.)

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 2. I sleep, but yet my heart's awake ;
 A kindly knock I hear,
 'Tis my beloved's voice thus spake,
 " Open to me, my dear.

(4.) " Open

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(4.)

“ Open, my dove, my undefil'd,
“ Love, give not love the flight :
“ My head's bedew'd, my locks are fill'd
“ With drops of winter-night.”

(5.)

Ver. 3. Base sloth replied, “ I'm now undress'd,
“ How shall I dress again ?
“ How shall I leave this bed of rest,
“ My new-wash'd feet to stain ?”

(6.)

Ver. 4. My Lord then by the shut-door's hole
Put in his hand of power, [soul,
Which with love-wounds so peirc'd my
My bowels melted fore.

(7.)

Ver. 5. When up to ope I did me stir,
In answer to his knock :
My hands and fingers drop'd sweet myrrhe,
On handles of the lock.

(8.)

Ver. 6. I open'd then to my belov'd,
But he, alas ! was gone :
His late love-suits my mind so mov'd,
I fainted as undone :

(9.)

I sought him whom my soul ador'd,
But him I could not have :
I call'd and cried, my love, my lord,
But he no answer gave.

(10.)

Ver. 7. The cruel city-watch me found,
And keepers of the wall,
Who did me rudely smite and wound :
And took away my vail.

C

(11.) O

(11.)

- Ver. 8. O Salem's race, of better mind,
 To wail my lord's remove,
 I charge you tell, if him you find,
 That I am sick of love.

(12.)

The COMPANIONS Words.

- Ver. 9. O fairest, what belov'd is thine?
 In what, pray let us know,
 Doth he all other loves outshine,
 That thou do'st charge us so?

(13.)

The CHURCH's Words.

- Ver. 10. O my belov'd, could you him see,
 Both white and red appears,
 Among ten thousand chieftains he
 The signal standard bears.

(14.)

- Ver. 11. His head's of finest gold t'attract,
 So bright and firm his sway;
 His locks are curled, and raven-black,
 So fresh without decay.

(15.)

- Ver. 12. His dove-like eyes most bright appear,
 Like these the brooks have wet,
 Or milky streams have washed clear,
 Fit for inspection set.

(16.)

- Ver. 13. His cheeks are like a spicy bed,
 Where choice perfumes do meet;
 His lily lips drop grace, and shed
 The myrrhe that smells so sweet.

(17.) As

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(17.)

Ver. 14. As rings of gold with beryl set
His hands, his works appear ;
His bowels kind, like iv'ry bright,
O'erlaid with saphirs clear.

(18.)

Ver. 15. His legs like marble-pillars are,
On golden sockets set :
His face like Lebanon most fair,
Like cedars most complete.

(19.)

Ver. 16. Most sweet is that bless'd mouth of his,
Whence grace and truth do flow,
Yea he himself most lovely is,
And altogether so.

(20.)

O Salem's Daughters, this is he
Of whom you sought my mind,
This is the best belov'd to me,
This is my dearest friend.

C H A P. VI.

(1.)

The COMPANIONS Words.

Ver. 1. If thy belov'd, O fairest fair,
Be such a matchless one,
With thee we'd seek him, wist we where,
O tell us where he's gone !

(2.)

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 2. My lord's down to his garden dress'd,
The place of his repair,
'Mong spicy beds to feed and feast,
And gather lilies there.

C 2

(3.) I'm

(3.)

- Ver. 3. I'm my belov'd's, and he is mine :
 Sweet are his sacred courts,
 Among the lilies there that shine
 He feeds, and there resorts.

(4.)

CHRIST'S *Words.*

- Ver. 4. My love, like Tirzah fair array'd,
 Like Salem gay indeed,
 Thou like an host, with flags display'd,
 Do'st strike thy foes with dread.

(5.)

- Ver. 5. Thy catching eyes (of faith and love)
 That make myself their prize,
 Have overcome me; pray remove
 And turn away thine eyes.

(6.)

Gay like a pleasant flock of goats,
 On Gilead's stately hight,
 Is thine adorning hair, (that notes
 Thy known deportment bright.)

(7.)

- Ver. 6. Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep,
 Even shorn, from washing come ;
 Each grace with twins their order keep,
 And bring full product home.

(8.)

- Ver. 7. Like to a piece of pomegranate,
 Thy temples rudy clear,
 Within thy locks affectionate
 And graceful blushes bear.

(9.)

- Ver. 8. Queens, concubines, and virgins are
 Unnumber'd, whom they call
 The earth's great beauties, charming fair,
 But thou excell'st them all. (10.)

(10.)

Ver. 9. My spotless dove as one I view,
She's all in one to me,
Her mother churches darling too,
And choicest progeny:

(11.)

The daughters saw her, and around
They blest her comely face;
Yea, queens and damsels more renown'd,
Extoll'd her shining grace.

(12.)

Ver. 10. " Who's this (said they) so brightly springs,
" Like to the morning ray; (wings
" That cleaves night's shades with silver
" To haste the golden day?

(13.)

" With sun and moon her beauties vie,
" Yea, terrible to see,
" An host appears, and banners fly,
" O what an one is she!"

(14.)

Ver. 11. Down to the garden of sweet nuts
I went, when I withdrew,
To see the budding valley fruits,
If grapes and 'granates grew.

(15.)

Ver. 12. And unawares thy soul at ebb,
Quick flowing, set me high
On chariots of Aminadab,
And wings of love to fly.

(16.)

Ver. 13. Return, return, O Shulamite,
Return, return, apace,
That we may look with great delight
Upon thy beauteous face:

(17.) What

A NEW VERSION of

(17.)

What in the Shulamite so damp'd
 Have heavenly hosts to see ?
 As 'twere, two hosts on earth encamp'd
 So choice a sight is she.

C H A P. VII.

(1.)

CHRIST'S *Words.*

Ver. 1. How beauteous are thy feet with shoes,
 O prince's daughter fair !
 Each stately step thou walkest shows
 A sparkling heavenly air ;

(2.)

The joints that strength and motions do,
 To thy right steps impart,
 Like orient jewels burnish'd new,
 Speak holy curious art.

(3.)

Ver. 2. Thy bowels warm, where kindness glows,
 Thine infant brood to feed,
 Seem like a bowl that o'erflows
 With liquor, for their need :

(4.)

Thy fertile womb an heap of wheat
 Forms to thy lily brood,
 While younger babes have proper meat,
 The elder solid food.

(5.)

Ver. 3. Like two young roes appear thy breasts,
 That are delightful twins ;
 Thine equal care so sweetly feeds
 Thy babes in sacred inns.

(6.) Thy

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(6.)

- Ver. 4. Thy neck that holds the head most high,
Like iv'ry white and fair,
May with a tower, that mounts the sky,
For strength and state compare :

(7.)

Thine eyes are like the lucid pools
Of fish at Heshbon, near
Bathrabbim gate; (no learned fools
Had ever sight so clear;)

(8.)

Thy nose sagacious (th' en'my wots)
Looks bold like Leb'non's tower,
Damascus-ward; to smell their plots,
And watch against their power.

(9.)

- Ver. 5. Thy knowing head like Carmel high,
Appears in crimson red,
Its hairs and drefs of purple dye :
(With blood thy Lord did shed.)

(10.)

Hence ev'n the King of kings compell'd,
Within thine arms embrace,
Is fast a willing captive held,
In galleries of his grace.

(11.)

- Ver. 6. O love, how fair thou art's untold,
In thee what charming sights !
How sweet thy graces manifold !
How pleasant for delights !

(12.)

- Ver. 7. I to the palm-tree do compare
Thy stature straight and fine,
Thy breasts of love so full and fair
To clusters of the vine.

(13.) I

(13.)

Ver. 8. I said, I will this palm-tree climb,
 And of it's bough take hold;
 My love I'll to my bride in trim
 And to her babes unfold:

(14.)

Then shall thy loving breasts o'erflow,
 Like clusters full of wine,
 The breath of life thy nostrils blow
 Shall smell as apples fine.

(15.)

Ver. 9. With wine that's of the richest kind,
 (Reserv'd for whom I love)
 Thypalatedrench'd, shall chear the mind,
 And graceful speech improve:

(16.)

Juice from the living vine that flows,
 Goes sweetly down by sips,
 The mouth of sleepers doth uncloze,
 And sanctify their lips.

(17.)

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 10. My well belov'd I must admire,
 Most worthy tho' he be,
 He's mine, and lo his heart's desire
 Is toward worthless me.

(18.)

Ver. 11. Come, love, let's to the field of grace,
 Retire from earth's annoy:
 Make villages our lodging place,
 That none disturb our joy.

(19.)

Ver. 12. Let's to the vineyards early go,
 To see if fruit improves,
 If tender grapes and 'granates grow;
 There I'll give thee my loves.

(20.) Sweet

The SONG of SOLOMON. 25

(20.)

Ver. 13. Sweet mandrakes smell, and at our door,
All pleasant fruits there be,
Both new and old, laid up in store,
My dearest lord, for thee.

C H A P. VIII.

(1.)

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 1. O that thou as my brother wert,
My mother's sucking child,
I'd kiss and hug thee in my heart;
Nor be for this revil'd.

(2.)

Yea, in the openest patent place,
Without a blush for shame,
I would with joyful arms embrace,
The babe of Bethlehem.

(3.)

Ver. 2. I'd bring thee to my mother's house,
Who would instruct me there:
The spiced wine and 'granates juice
Should be thy royal fare.

(4.)

Ver. 3. His left hand for my support he,
Beneath my head should place;
And for my comfort lend to me
His right hand's soft imbrace.

(5.)

Ver. 4. O Salem's daughters, do not prove
Disturbers of his ease;
I charge you stir not up my love,
Nor wake him till he please.

D

(6.) *The*

(6.)

The COMPANIONS Words.

Ver. 5. (Who's this up from the wilderness
Of sin and sorrow mov'd,
Comes leaning thus, and laying stress
Upon her well belov'd?)

(7.)

The CHURCH's Words.

Beneath the shady apple-tree,
I did thee raise with care:
Thy mother travail'd there with thee,
Thy happy birth was there.

(8.)

Ver. 6. O do thou set me as a seal,
Upon thine heart and arm:
For love is strong as death, I feel,
Suspicion cruelly warm;

(9.)

Unsatiate like the grave's desire,
Is killing jealousy:
The coals thereof are coals of fire,
That flame most ve'mently.

(10.)

Ver. 7. Can love be quench'd with many floods,
Or drown'd with waters? No:
Should one for love give all his goods,
The price were basely low.

(11.)

Ver. 8. We have a little sister, Lord,
No breasts yet form'd hath she.
What help to her shall we afford
When she bespoke shall be?

(12.) CHRIST'S

The SONG of SOLOMON.

27

(12.)

CHRIST'S *Words.*

Ver. 9. If once she be a wall, thro' grace,
We'll take a special care;
To build on her a dwelling place,
A silver palace fair:

(13.)

If once her heart's an open door,
For me to enter in,
We'll as with cedar-boards secure
And strengthen her within.

(14.)

The CHURCH'S *Words.*

Ver. 10. So be't, for grace made me a wall,
Grace form'd my breasts tower-high:
Then found I (as my sister shall)
Great favour in his eye.

(15.)

Ver. 11. Here likewise our king Solomon,
A vineyard did possess,
To keepers care (O be it shown)
He let it out to dress:

(16.)

If each for fruit his Lord assigns
Proportion'd tribute brings,
He'd render for a thousand vines,
A thousand silverlings.

(17.)

CHRIST'S *Words.*

Ver. 12. My vineyard, Love, the object is
Of my peculiar care;
My heart and eye is fix'd on this
More close than any where.

D 2

(18.) *The*

A NEW VERSION of

(18.)

The CHURCH's Words.

To thee, O Solomon, I'll bring
 The grateful rent I owe;
 The vineyard's revenue, O king,
 Belongs to thee I know:

(19.)

And while to thee alone pertains,
 A thousand fold as due;
 To underkeepers, for their pains,
 Two hunder shall accrue.

(20.)

CHRIST's Words.

Ver. 13. O thou that hast in gardens choice,
 Thy dwelling here below,
 As thy companions hear thy voice;
 So let me hear it too.

(21.)

So pleasant unto them and me,
 Is thy delicious strain,
 I'll joy how oft I hear from thee
 Until we meet again.

(22.)

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 14. O haste again, dear Lord, and be
 A speedy roe or hart
 Upon the spicy hills, that we
 May meet, and never part.

A
P A R A P H R A S E,
O R
Large explicatory Poem
U P O N T H E
S O N G of S O L O M O N.
W H E R E I N

The mutual Love of CHRIST and his CHURCH,
contained in that Old Testament Song, is imi-
tated in the Language of the New Testament,
and adapted to the Gospel Dispensation.

P. A. R. A. G. H. A. S. H.

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P A R A P H R A S E,

D I R E C T E D T O T H E

C U R I O U S and the S E R I O U S R E A D E R S.

C U R I O U S R E A D E R,

I DO not propose, by the following lines, to satisfy your curiosity, any further than by a plain explication of this scriptural song, in a way adapted to the New Testament dispensation: and perhaps you will be at no loss, if you find the equity of the paraphrase, even where you miss the elegance of the poem; or if you find any precious truth to edify your soul, though you should miss a pompous embellishment to gratify your fancy. If I had been of the opinion that no poem should see the light, but such as has the name of some great and famous poet prefixt to it, and could reasonably expect the universal applause of a learned age, I would never have consented to the publication of this, in a day wherein the art of poetry is improved to such great perfection by some, whose bright genius has made them capable to set forth their poetical productions in a very beautiful

ful and splendid dress. If I thought that nothing now cast into the mould of metre could be useful and edifying, but what is superlatively fine, I would have been quite discouraged from this attempt; but to be of this mind were in effect to think, there could be no wholesom food but what is presented in a lordly dish; no good lodging in any house, but such as were built by some curious mechanic or famous architect; nor convenient accommodation in any room or chamber, but such as were finely painted, or hung around with very neat Arras. How few would there be to fight for their country, if none were allowed to do so, but mighty heroes, great champions, and such as are head and shoulders higher than others! How many must go naked, if no clothing were allowed but silk and sattin, and rich embroideries! It will be hard to persuade the world that none should write or make use of a pen, but such as can imitate the finest copper-plate; or that none should open their mouth to speak above their breath, but such as can equal the finest orator.

But tho' in this essay I pretend not to act the part of the lofty poet, yet I have endeavoured that what I hope is obvious to the vulgar, and not above their view, may be at the same time not nauseous to the polite, nor below their view, if they are such as can lay aside the sullen air of criticism. These to whom no plain serious gospel-truths can give any satisfaction, and to whom nothing else but flowers of wit and flights of rhetoric can give delight, do perhaps too much bewray their ignorance of pious pleasures. The soul may be miserably hungered and starved where the fancy only is pleased and feasted. And hence I look upon it

as a most candid and ingenuous acknowledgment of a famous and religious poet, in the preface to his excellent hymns and spiritual songs, speaking of some of them; "I confess myself (says he) to "have been too oft tempted away from the more "spiritual designs I proposed, by some gay and "flowery expressions that gratified the fancy; the "bright images too oft prevailed above the fire "of divine affection, and the light exceeded the "heat." Now, though I own that the defect of my poetical talent might lead me to an acknowledgment of a quite other nature, being sensible how much every paragraph here despairs of giving much delight to these of a more refined taste, and of pleasing the fancy with many bright embellishments of poetry; yet the great scarcity of these may have this great advantage, that here there are few such beautiful flowers or bright images to tempt any man away from the spiritual design, or so to gratify the fancy, as to prevail above the fire of divine affection that should burn in the heart with a heat equal to the light. Not that I am disobliged with these gay and flowery expressions in this and other valuable authors, whereby they are so apt to be a temptation to themselves and their readers, even in their spiritual songs; for I must confess they have been oft so tempting and alluring to myself, that as I have frequently both here and elsewhere essayed to imitate them by adopting some of their delicious metaphors, so I would certainly have run into the same fault if I had been endued with the same genius: only I may infer from the foresaid confession, that poems upon divine subjects, which afford not a train of those gay temptations that bewitch the fancy and divert

the imagination, may upon this account be (at least) not the less fitted for advancing spiritual designs and divine affections.

I am not here to make any apology for the metre, though some may judge that in this essay I have studied rhyme as much as poesy. I know that there may be good music and measure without the gingle of a crambo; and that it is a great weakness to humour the sound, so as to darken the sense. I own, my difficulty never lay much in studying the crambo, with the even cadency; for these, if they be any parts or properties of poesy, occurred natively enough, without much thought: and perhaps it would have been a fault to have slighted the rhyme designedly in a composition of this sort, fitted for the religious recreation of serious christians; especially when I find the forementioned eminent poet (by whose remarks, of which I had a little specimen, perhaps the following sheets had been better polished for the public, had his circumstances allowed a more close and full review thereof) in his hymns, page 194. by a marginal note (I find him, I say) hoping, “the reader “will forgive the neglect of rhyme even in the “1st and 3d lines of the Stanza throughout some “following pages;” which supposes it may be a fault (in his opinion) not to humour the metre in essays of this nature. But, if any think I have done it too much, all I can accuse myself of, is only that I did not neglect the rhyme when words favouring it appeared to me as apposite to the purpose as others, and the low genius afforded no better.

I am sorry for your sake (curious Reader) that precious truth is here set before you in such a coarse garb; but, if you attend to the matter, it will (as

I said) be no loss to you, that you have not here many artful embroideries. I do not indeed think that sacred truth can be set off in too comely a dress, no more than I think that the Holy Bible can be printed in too fine a type: but, if every page and passage thereof were illuminate or adorned with fine cuts, I suppose this would do more harm than good, and be more diverting than edifying.

I should be glad to see this sacred book painted forth in more lively, pure and spiritual colours, than it can appear into, in this homely essay; however if the picture here be but just, you will perhaps be much obliged to a genius that could not set it within a curiously gilded frame to divert your eye from it.

But when you hear of the spirituality and religious design of this poem, and that (as I may shew in the other part of the preface) the subject thereof is not the fair Circassian, but the fair Christian, and his infinitely fairer head and husband Jesus Christ; though the theme be more noble in itself, and more needful to be read and considered, than all the wanton sonnets in the world, however artfully trimmed; yet I am afraid this subject be thought so jejune, insipid and unfashionable, that it is possible, after you have satisfied your curiosity so far as to glance over a few lines of this book, you may throw it aside like an old almanack, and soon give your judgment *pro* or *con*; and this is all the poor profit and advantage you shall get by it, if you remain always more curious than serious. And since I have done with you, I shall apply myself to these to whom this little essay will readily be more welcome and acceptable.

SERIOUS READER.

THOUGH it is especially for your spiritual edification and comfort, I have essayed in this manner to explain and open up the gospel that is contained in this sacred song; yet I design not to say one word to you in commendation of this poem upon it; nor does it deserve I should, if it cannot through the blessing of God commend itself to your heart and experience. But if you are exercised unto godliness, and acquainted with the sweet life of fellowship and communion with our Lord Jesus Christ, I hope you shall here see a picture and representation both of his heart towards you, and of your heart towards him; and a portraiture of the sweetest experience of intimacy with heaven, that the Bride of Christ can have upon earth. And I judge that a song upon this subject is not unseasonable amidst these evil days, wherein the songs of the temple are like to be turned into howlings, and wherein the Bride the Lamb's Wife is ready to hang her harp upon the willows. How desirable were it, if this little book might prove a mean for helping her to sing away her sorrows, and to harmonize with the design of that precious promise, *Hos. ii. 15. I will give her the valley of Achor for a door of hope, and she shall sing there!* To drive away the night of trouble with songs of praise, would be a work and exercise most suitable to that gracious name our Lord takes to himself, *Job xxxv. 10. God our maker, who giveth songs in the night.*

We have a divine precept, perhaps too much forgotten and neglected even among the serious, *Eph. v. 18, 19. — Be filled with the Spirit, speaking*

speaking to yourselves in Psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord; And Col. iii. 16, Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. And how we are to sing, we are further taught, not only by the apostle's example, 1 Cor. xiv. 15. I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also; but likewise by an express divine appointment, Psal. xlvii. 6, 7. where the command to sing is repeated five times in a breath, Sing praises to God, sing praises: sing praises unto our King, sing praises. Sing ye praises with understanding. Now, this sacred song of Solomon being very mysterious and metaphorical, that you may be the more able to sing it over with understanding and judgment, I have endeavoured to lay open the mysteries and metaphors thereof to your view.

I have designedly cast this book into the mould of common metre; because as it was intended especially for the use of serious christians in this part of the island, so, in case any of them should see fit to make some of these lines a part of their spiritual and devout recreation in secret, they might if they please sing them over in any of the tunes to which they are accustomed in our Scots churches, where none but the common tunes are used: and in the whole I am so far from attempting to soar aloft above your capacity, that, wherever I have been obliged to use any words (such as *prolifick*, *mellifluous*, etc.) which I reckon are not so obvious to the understanding of the vulgar, I have explained them upon the margin, and hope it is but
very

very seldom any such words occur to cloud and darken the sense to you.

I know that this sacred book of scripture, wherein the sweetest and noblest instances of the grace of Christ toward his church and people are represented under the figure of a conjugal state, has been greatly profaned by impure writers, who have used or rather abused their poetical art, to the gratifying of carnal minds, and prostituting this holy divine song to the most unholy ends. I have therefore endeavoured in this paraphrase so to open the import of every metaphor, as to secure it from being perverted and abused to wanton passions, which I hope shall find no handle here by any mode of expression tending to divert the mind from the spirituality of the theme. The composition upon every text here is such, as, I think, without great violence done to it, can never be applied to any lovers inferior to that glorious bridegroom the Lamb of God, and the bride the Lamb's wife, as the church is designed, Rev. xxi. 9.

I thought it needless here in a prefatory way to offer you a key for opening this song, since this has been done so oft and so well already by others, and particularly Durham's book upon it, which is so common among many hands; I refer the reader to his *Clavis Cantici* prefixt to that book. Mr. Henry says, the best key for opening this book is the 45th Psalm, which we find applied to Christ in the New Testament. And it seems the more fit this book be now opened in a way suited to that dispensation, since Christ is more frequently and clearly represented in the New Testament than in the old, as the bridegroom of his church
and

and people; for which I might multiply instances, were it needful.

The objections of adversaries against the divinity of this book are but weak and trifling while we are confirmed in the faith of its divine extraction, and spiritual application to the marriage between Christ and his church, by the ancient, constant and concurring testimony both of the Jewish and Christian church. And hence, though, to carnal minds, it is a flower out of which they have extracted poison; yet, to these that are spiritual, it is *sweeter than the hony and the hony-comb*; insomuch that some have made it the mark and characteristic of a saint, to find and experience the spiritual relish and quickning favour of this part of scripture.

Profane wits, who ridicule this lofty anthem as a carnal Epithalamium or marriage song, seem to be at a nonplus whether to apply it to Solomon's marriage with the Ægyptian princess, or a Circassian dame; but they must be yet at a greater loss, what to make of some complements and commendations given to Solomon's bride, if they were to be properly (and not figuratively) understood. For, how monstrous and ridiculous were it to describe her as having *an head like Carmel, teeth like a flock of sheep, a nose like the tower of Lebanon looking toward Damascus, and terrible like an army with banners!* etc. And, if Solomon's chariot were to be understood properly and materially, of what matter would they suppose it to be made, when the *midst of it* is said to be *paved with love*? Or, if love be no material thing, how shall it be a material chariot? but this sacred song is not the worse, because profane and wanton wits abuse

abuse it, and endeavour to fasten their absurd and obscene senses upon some passages of it. It requires indeed, as interpreters acknowledge, a sober and pious, not a foolish and lascivious reader. It breathes forth the hottest flames of love between Christ and his people, and has in all ages of the church been most sweet, comfortable and useful to all that have read it with serious and spiritual eyes. One of the fathers (Athanasius) comparing this song with other scriptures of the Old Testament, says, it is like John the Baptist among the prophets: other scriptures speak of Christ as coming, and afar off; this speaks of him, and to him, as already come, and near-hand: so familiar and present is he here represented both to the faith and sense of his people! Zanchius makes this song a compend and copy of the spiritual marriage with Christ. And another great divine (Bodius in Eph.) calls it *ipsius fidei et religionis Christianae medulla*, the very marrow and substance of faith and christianity itself. And therefore I hope it will not be reckoned an unprofitable work or service, to open up in a homely poesy, sunk to the level of vulgar capacities, the great gospel-mysteries contained in this allegorical scripture, and in a strain suited to the New-Testament dispensation.

This essay (*Serious Reader*) being the fruit of some study and application only at leisure-hours, is on this account the work of several years; and though occasions had allowed, yet the nature of the study however pleasant in itself, was more severe both to body and mind, than to have allowed a continued progress in it without many intermissions till it was finished. Some parts of this composition being therefore at some years distance from

from other parts of it, it is possible some discerning and judicious readers will observe that some of the texts and chapters are explained with more life and accuracy than others; which may be easily accounted for, by every one who knows that the vein of poesy and frame of spirit is subject to various alterations, higher or lower, at different times. The greatest defect I have here found myself to labour under, was with reference especially to that spirituality of frame, heavenliness of mind, and close communion with Christ, that an essay to open this sacred divine song required; since in it the believer's most intimate fellowship with this glorious Bridegroom is represented under so many figurative expressions. However it has been my earnest desire sometimes *that my labour in this might not be in vain in the Lord*, but that it might contribute, through the divine blessing, to the instruction, edification and comfort of the Lord's people, especially such as have little access to read large comments upon this sacred song; and particularly those of the congregation which I have so long had a special concern in, and relation to, and to whom I have but very seldom preached upon texts in this book of the *Song of Solomon*.

It must be owned, there are great depths in this allegorical scripture, the letter whereof kills these that rest in that, and look no further; but the Spirit thereof *giveth life*, 2 Cor. iii. 6. John vi. 63. and that it requires great pains and caution to point out the meaning of the holy Ghost, in every part of this poetical book, and in applying the figures and similes therein to the several graces and virtues of the Bridegroom and the Bride; and therefore I have not admitted of any private thought or imagination

gination of mine own in the interpretation of this notable part of holy scripture, without observing my view thereof to be agreeable with the judgment of sound commentators upon it. Though they could afford me little help as to the form, yet from them I willingly collected materials. Nor did I venture to make a paraphrase upon any one verse here, till I had once consulted them, and was satisfied that I should not deviate from the current of orthodox writers, their judgment upon it, of which you have here a sum. Though yet the paraphrase is the longer, that I have not only enlarged most upon these places that I reckoned were most emphatical, but also touched at the connection of one verse and purpose with another, where I thought it was necessary for the illustration of the scope. Nor have I past over any one verse, however more curtly treated than others, without giving some plain view of the meaning and import of it. And, if more seem to be said upon any verse in this song than is directly imported in it, I hope it will be reckoned no great fault, if what is said be evidently deducible from it, or necessary for the further explication of it, and for adapting this paraphrase upon an Old-Testament song to a New-Testament dispensation. Besides, the sense being cramped and contracted within the narrow bounds of common metre, has sometimes made the repetition (though not of words, yet) of matter unavoidable: and though every explication is but an amplified circumlocution, yet I have used as few repetitions as could consist with my design of conveying a clear idea of the meaning.

I thought fit to set down the scripture-text at large before the paraphrase, partly that every one,
even

even of these who would hardly be at the pains to consult their bibles, might have an opportunity to compare the text and the paraphrase together ; and partly that there might be occasion to mark upon the margin some of the different readings that the original text admits of, which I endeavour also not to neglect in the paraphrase.

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A
P A R A P H R A S E,
O R
Explicatory P O E M,
U P O N T H E
S O N G o f S O L O M O N.

C H A P. I. The Title.

Verse. 1. *The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's.*

(1.)

TH E choice of anthems * exquisite,
From Sol'mon's sacred pen,
Which doth to heav'nly love excite
The souls of holy men.

(2.)

Its characters divine evince,
And evidently clear,
A wiser king, a greater prince,
Than Solomon is here.

Who

* Songs.

(3.)

Who from above did animate
 And with celestial flame
 Inspire the song, to equal *that*
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

(4.)

This to the Lamb's fair Bride belongs,
 To sound on all her strings
 With tuneful harp, the song of songs
 To Christ the King of Kings.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 2. *Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth:
 for thy Love ‡ is better than wine.*

(1.)

Let him who in my room and place
 Did act the kindest part,
 The God of love, the prince of peace,
 The victor of my heart,

(2.)

With sweet indearments from above
 Let him my soul embrace;
 To shew my int'rest in his love,
 And manifest his grace.

(3.)

With blessings of thy mouth divine
 O may I favour'd be;
 More precious is thy love than wine,
 More sweet than life to me.

(4.)

I was among the trait'rous crew
 Doom'd to eternal fire,
 When he, to pay the ransom, flew
 On wings of strong desire.

(5.) Jesus

‡ Heb. *thy Loves.*

(5.)

Jesus the God, with naked arms,
Hangs on a cross and dies,
Then mounts the throne, with mighty charms
T'embrace me from the skies.

(6.)

His mouth delicious, heav'n reveals;
His kisses from above
Are pardons, promises, and seals
Of everlasting love.

Ver. 3. Because of the savour of thy good ointments, thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee.

(1.)

The oil of gladness and of grace,
On thee pour'd largely forth,
Does spread around in ev'ry place
Thy favour and thy worth.

(2.)

Like precious oil diffus'd, thy name
Along such odour sends,
That hence from virgin-souls a flame
Of holy love ascends.

(3.)

Thy love to them, thus shed abroad,
So much inflames their heart
With love to thee; that thou their God
Their darling also art.

(4.)

O sav'ry names! The Prophet kind,
Anointed to instruct,
Who by his counsel leads the blind,
To glory will conduct.

(5.) Th'

(5.)

Th' anointed Priest, by solemn vow,
 Did once for sin atone:
 The blood, that was the price, is now
 The plea before the throne.

(6.)

Th' anointed King, to bear the sway,
 And dash the rebel foes,
 To make the feeble win the day,
 Tho' death and hell oppose.

(7.)

Each virgin-tongue with pleasure sings
 Thy lasting honours, thus;
 " Jesus our prophet ever brings
 " The light of life to us.

(8.)

" Jesus our priest for ever lives
 " To plead for us above.
 " Jesus our king for ever gives
 " The blessings of his love.

Ver. 4. *Draw me, we will run after thee; —*

(1.)

No strength to come to thee have I,
 Yea, Lord, no will to move;
 Till pow'r divine my bonds unty,
 And draw with Cords of love.

(2.)

O draw me, Jesus, by thy grace,
 Allure me by thy charms;
 Then we will run to thine embrace,
 And flee into thine arms.

(3.) My

(3.)

My zeal will other souls excite
When I am drawn to thee;
With virgin-saints will sinners meet,
And run along with me.

— *The king hath brought me into his chambers;
we will be glad and rejoice in thee;* —

(1.)

The glorious king whom I besought,
Anon my cry did hear;
Me to his presence chamber brought,
And kindly drew me near.

(2.)

Then ev'ry thing that did annoy
While I his absence mourn'd,
So quickly vanish'd into joy,
My grief to gladness turn'd.

(3.)

We'll now exult in thee, O king,
With holy chearfulness;
Our hearts will joy, our lips will sing,
Our lives will praise express.

— *We will remember thy love more than wine:
the upright love thee.*

(1.)

Our grateful mem'ries will record
This matchless love of thine,
And keep the relish thereof, lord,
Beyond the richest wine.

(2.)

Tho' fools abound, who nor desire
Nor pleasure fix on thee;
Yet wisdom's children all conspire
To love and joy with me.

G

(3.) Th'

(3.)

Th' upright without deceit, that prove
 Like gold without alloy,
 Make thee the object of their love,
 And center of their joy.

*Ver. 5. I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of
 Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the Cur-
 tains of Solomon.*

(1.)

Ye that professors are at large,
 Or that are weak in grace,
 Take no offence at me, I charge,
 Nor at my swarthy face.

(2.)

Shun not to come and share with me
 Both in my love and joy,
 Because my visage black ye see
 With sin and sore annoy.

(3.)

Tho' in myself I'm black indeed,
 And in my outward lot;
 Yet in my lovely, glorious head
 I'm fair without a spot.

(4.)

Dusky like Kedar-tents am I,
 O ye of Salem's race;
 But yet with Sol'mon's curtains vie
 For comeliness by grace.

*Ver. 6. Look not upon me, because I am black, be-
 cause the sun hath looked upon me: my mother's
 children were angry with me, —*

(1.) Then

(1.)

Then gaze not with disdainful eyes
On me in sable clad;
Nor slight my beauty fair, that lies
Within the gloomy shade.

(2.)

No wonder I so black became,
If ye the cause will note;
For sore sun-burnt and scorch'd I am
With persecution hot.

(3.)

False brethren, that malignant race,
My mother's sons untrue,
In rage cast dust upon my face,
And sully'd all my hew.

(4.)

They pour'd on me what open shame
Their malice could conceive;
With foul reproaches stain'd my name,
And us'd me like a slave.

———*They made me the keeper of the vineyards,
but mine own vineyard have I not kept.*

(1.)

They of their vineyards me the drudge
Opprest with crushing care:
Such servile labours, ye may judge,
My beauty much impair.

(2.)

Yea, while, alas! thus toil'd, I slept,
And sloth my watch remov'd,
I've not my proper vineyard kept,
My talents not improv'd.

G 2

(3.) But

(3.)

But tho' my folly hath me marr'd,
 And wrought my own distress;
 Yet be not at religion scarr'd,
 Nor stumbled at my bliss.

(4.)

For 'gainst myself I bear record,
 That hence my slav'ry flows:
 While I neglect to serve my Lord,
 I'm left to serve my foes.

Ver. 7. *Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth,
 where thou feedest *, and where thou makest
 thy flocks to rest at noon:——*

(1.)

When sins and suff'rings work my grief,
 And both depress me so,
 My Lord alone can give relief;
 To him I therefore go.

(2.)

O thou the darling of my heart,
 My soul's beloved one,
 Who Isra'l's kindly shepherd art,
 Thy paths to me make known.

(3.)

O shew me where thy flocks are fed,
 Where dost thou cause them eat,
 And where thou giv'st 'em rest and shade
 At noon, from scorching heat.

(4.)

The pasture's fat, the shelter vast,
 That does thy sheep inclose;
 Fain would I feed in their repast,
 And rest in their repose.

——For

* The word is here active.

The SONG of SOLOMON. 53

—— *For why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?*

(1.)

For why should I that am thy bride
Be left to starve and stray,
Or seem as one that turns aside
To any crooked way?

(2.)

All other loves my soul abhors,
Thy rivals I disdain;
With flocks of thy competitors
Why should I wander then?

(3.)

I all thy feign'd companions hate,
They are a bane to me;
My soul affects no other mate,
No other Lord but thee.

(4.)

O if I knew thy fix'd abode,
I'd lodge for ever there;
Where may I then enjoy my God?
O tell me, tell me where.

CHRIST'S Words.

Ver. 8. *If thou know not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds tents.*

(1.)

O thou my bride, whom I esteem
The fairest of thy race,
However black thy form may seem
While griefs do vail thy grace;

(2.) Dost

(2.)

Dost thou not know, my lovely bride,
The shadow of the rock,
Nor pastures green where I abide
And feed my little flock?

(3.)

Come follow my directing grace
Which I afford to thee;
I'll lead thee to the sweetest place
Of fellowship with me:

(4.)

That hence thy feet may never swerve,
Nor fall in snares and wrack,
The footsteps of the flock observe,
And follow thou the track.

(5.)

See how they climb the rock in droves,
To social worship prone,
And forthwith haunt retiring groves
To meet with me alone.

(6.)

Keep thou the beaten good old path,
Yet new and living way,
Which all my saints have trode by faith
And prayer night and day.

(7.)

Tho' none of their dislik'd escapes
Must be a rule to thee,
Yet follow them in all the steps
Wherein they follow me.

(8.)

And, while my under-shepherds tents
Are kept in good repair,
Attend them still: for heav'n presents
My choicest dainties there.

(9.) These

(9.)

These holy ordinances are
The pastures of my grace:
There feast thyself, nor thence debar
Thy little tender race.

(10.)

Bring children, servants, all thy kids
Along to feed with thee;
Thy Lord all comers welcome bids
In offers full and free.

(11.)

Make all within thy charge to haunt
These goodly tents of mine;
For there my feasts of love I grant
To nourish thee and thine.

(12.)

Thus, that thy feet no more appear
With other flocks to roam,
In these my best inclosures here
Stay, till I bring thee home.

Ver. 9. *I have compared thee †, O my love, to a
company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots.*

(1.)

My love, on whom the stream unspent
Of my affection flows,
Mine ears have heard thy heavy plaint
About thy haughty foes:

(2.)

But they shall know to their remorse,
Their war had better be
To fight with Pharaoh's chariot-horse,
Then dare to fight with thee.

(3.) To

† Or made thee like to.

(3.)

To that well-harnest stately rout
 I have thy strength compar'd,
 Because my armour round about
 Is thy defensive guard.

(4.)

Thou mayst contemn the burnisht spear
 when brandisht in the field;
 As warlike horses laugh at fear,
 And mock the glitt'ring shield.

(5.)

This wing'd aray more swiftly damps
 The foes that thee defy,
 Than conqu'ring chariots thro' the camps
 On thund'ring wheels that fly.

(6.)

Weak in thyself thou art, but well
 In me resides thy might:
 Therefore the pow'rs of earth and hell
 Need never thee affright.

Ver. 10. *Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels,
 thy neck with chains of gold.*

(1.)

My love, I heard thee also mone
 Thy beauty marr'd and spilt;
 And stile thyself a lothsome one,
 Deform'd with sin and guilt.

(2.)

But as my blood does counterpoise
 And all thy guilt displace,
 So jewel-graces, golden-joys
 Do beautify thy face.

(3.) Each

(3.)

Each virtue that thy dress bespeaks
Doth thee more richly deck
Than rows of gems adorn the cheeks,
Or chains of gold the neck.

(4.)

An order just thy graces do
Like ev'nly rows maintain;
By mutual close connection too
They're link'd as in a chain.

(5.)

Thou hast thy royal lord to thank,
That thee a Moor betroth'd,
And then conform to highest rank
With gold and jewels cloth'd.

(6.)

To make thy cheeks and neck so fair,
Mine gave I to the stroke;
My cheeks to them that pluckt the hair,
My neck to justice-block.

Ver. 11. *We will make * thee borders of gold, with
studs of silver.*

(1.)

Object not, saying, how shall I,
So weak, so black a swain,
Such beauties in Jehovah's eye
Or furnish or maintain?

(2.)

For with united pow'r divine
We FATHER, SON and SP'RIT
Do stand engag'd thee to refine,
And make thy form compleat.

H

(3.) Keep

* The word used for making man at first, Gen. i. 6.

(3.)

Keep thou no finite pow'rs in view,
 To grace and deck thee thus;
 Creation-work, both old and new,
 Belongs to none but US.

(4.)

WE'll make thee yet more radiant gems
 Of grace, without thine aid,
 To fence thy robe, like golden hems
 With silver studs inlaid.

(5.)

Thy growing grace shall thrive and bear
 A perfect crop at length;
 Yet by no might within thy sphere,
 But OUR concurring strength.

(6.)

Thy gold and silver ornament
 Must strong and lasting prove;
 For lo, it is the pow'ful vent
 Of our eternal love.

(7.)

Of old the good, the great THREE-ONE
 Did jointly take thy part,
 Thy naked soul WE thought upon
 With pity in OUR heart.

(8.)

WE held a council for thy good,
 Where I, without a sob,
 Did choose a vesture dipt in blood
 To buy thy golden robe.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 12. *While the king sitteth at his table, my
 spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof.*

(1.) Lo!

(1.)

Lo! Zion's king aray'd in state,
And love his luring vest,
Makes ample grace his royal treat,
And me his welcome guest.

(2.)

When this his splendid table-head
Is with his presence crown'd,
My graces then like spikenard spread
Their grateful odours round.

(3.)

With joyful heart I smile and sing,
Each grace doth rise and run,
As languid plants revive and spring
In presence of the sun.

(4.)

If he withdraw, they fade and faint,
Their vigour is restrain'd;
But, by his sweet return, their scent
And savour is regain'd.

(5.)

While at his royal feast he sits,
Such verdure fresh is giv'n,
That ev'ry sprig of grace emits
A fragrant smell of heav'n.

(6.)

My glad affections leap and dance,
When with a smiling face
The king does spread and countenance
The table of his grace.

Ver. 13. *A bundle of myrrhe is my Well-beloved
unto me; he shall ly all night betwixt my breasts.*

(1.)

No wonder that my spikenard smells
 So sweetly when he comes ;
 His love, that casts the scent, excells
 The choicest of perfumes.

(2.)

Faith, love and joy begin to stir,
 And spread their odours high,
 When Jesus like a bunch of myrrhe
 Does in my bosom ly.

(3.)

From this infolded bundle flies
 His favour all abroad :
 Such complicated sweetness lies
 In my incarnate God.

(4.)

Abundant virtue here I see
 To ev'ry case adapt ;
 The fulness of a deity
 Is in the bundle wrapt.

(5.)

Yea, in my well-beloved lord
 This plenitude divine
 Is for my use and comfort stor'd ;
 For he himself is mine.

(6.)

And has he deign'd thus from above
 To shew his glorious charms ?
 I'll hold him fast by faith and love,
 As in my folded arms.

(7.)

My heart and bosom, where he rests,
 No other love shall know ;
 There he embrac'd shall ly, while lasts
 The night of sin and wo.

(8.) This

(8.)

This sweet repose shall wear away
The shadows of the night,
Until the dawning of the day
Of everlasting light.

Ver. 14. *My beloved is unto me as a cluster of
camphire * in the vineyards of En-gedi.*

(1.)

My best lov'd, to whom the wings
Of my affections flee,
Is sweeter than the sweetest things
Of heav'n and earth to me.

(2.)

In vineyards fair of En-gedi
Are camphire clusters sweet :
How infinitely more is he,
In whom I am compleat !

(3.)

When sin and wrath my conscience press,
He standeth for my good,
A cluster full of righteousness,
And wrath-appeasing blood.

(4.)

Still fresh in view, I may design
His dying love to me,
Like myrrhe and camphire sweet and fine
New bleeding from the tree.

(5.)

By faith I eat the cluster prest,
And drink the blood he spilt :
Of all love-banquets, here's the best,
Atonement for my guilt.

(6.) To

* *Copher*, the same word, that signifies an *Atonement* or
Propitiation.

(6.)

To me this bleeding love of his
 Shall ever precious be;
 Whatever he to others is,
 He's all in all to me.

CHRIST'S Words.

Ver. 15. *Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold,
 thou art fair, thou hast doves eyes.*

(1.)

What! is thy heart a bed of rest,
 A room reserv'd for me?
 Behold, I come to be thy guest,
 And vent my heart to thee.

(2.)

My truth that can't the false decoy
 Of flatt'ring lips approve,
 Asserts, to elevate thy joy,
 Thou art my pleasant love.

(3.)

Lo, thou art fair, lo, thou art fair;
 Twice, fair thou art, I say;
 My righteousness and graces are
 Thy double bright array.

(4.)

Tho' thou a spotted leopard
 And black thyself dost see;
 Yet, as a mark of my regard,
 I'll see no spot in thee.

(5.)

When to a dog of no avail
 Thou humbly dost compare,
 And call thyself a mass of hell,
 Ev'n then I call thee fair.

(6.) But

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(6.)

But since thy faith can hardly own
My beauty put on thee;
Behold! Behold! twice be it known,
Thou art all fair in me.

(7.)

I see the beauty of the dove
Within thy soul that lyes;
Affections there exactly move
Like turtles charming eyes.

(8.)

So modest, humble, pure and chaste,
And faithful to their mate,
On me alone they fix and rest,
And all my rivals hate.

The CHURCH'S Words.

Ver. 16. *Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, yea,
pleasant:—*

(1.)

What wonders, lord, dost thou perform,
That stoopest thus so low,
To put thy beauty on a worm,
And then commend it so?

(2.)

What! dost thou praise a native black?
I blush to find it true:
O lend me words to render back
The praise to whom 'tis due.

(3.)

Lo! my beloved, THOU, ev'n THOU
Art infinitely fair;
Yea, altogether pleasant too,
And sweet beyond compare.

(4.) All

(4.)

All comeliness divine in thee
 Most gloriously does shine;
 What beauty thou commends in me,
 Is but the shade of thine.

(5.)

Dost thou applaud the little stream
 That from thy fulness rose?
 How highly then should I esteem
 The fountain whence it flows!

(6.)

How shall I thee extol, my God?
 It shames me to be mute,
 When thou exalts a lothsom clod
 Wrapt in a borrow'd suit.

(7.)

But who, alas! can words invent
 To magnify thy grace?
 Seraphic pencils cannot paint
 The beauties of thy face.

(8.)

May my delighted eye still gaze
 On charming pleasures here;
 And what I cannot loudly praise,
 I'll silently admire.

——— *Also our bed is green.*

(1.)

How can my tongue the favours hide
 That thus my heart attach!
 For never was a worthless bride
 So happy in her match.

(2.) Besides

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(2.)

Besides his personage so great,
His equipage is fine,
His furniture and bed of state
For fellowship divine.

(3.)

When here his love abroad is shed,
My soul, his chearful guest,
Sleeps in his arms, as in a bed
Of holy joy and rest.

(4.)

If wisdom in a mystery
Will heav'n to hell betroth,
Th' ensuing miracle must be
One bed to serve us both.

(5.)

What kindness here he does avouch,
No mortal tongue can tell:
The heir of heav'n has made a couch
To hug an heir of hell.

(6.)

Lo, this our bed of sweet solace,
Green like the verdant field,
Abundant fruits of holiness
Does by his blessing yield.

(7.)

To deck our bed of nuptial loves,
Buds of the spring convey;
My pregnant soul so fertile proves,
I'm like an olive green.

(8.)

Fair blossoms of indulgent grace
That shade the temple round,
With lively verdure paint the place,
And spread the holy ground,

Ver. 17. *The beams of our house are cedar, and
our rafters * of fir †.*

(1.)

Our nuptial-bed in Zion stands,
Within our royal court:
For there the blessing God commands,
There is his lov'd resort.

(2.)

Our stately dwelling-house excels
The seats of mortal kings,
Whose pompous courts are nothing else
But specious empty things.

(3.)

Their gaudy grandeur shrinks away
Within their with'ring bow'rs;
No gilded house of mould'ring clay
Is sure and strong like ours.

(4.)

The holy cov'nant heav'n commands
With promises of note,
By which our house compacted stands,
Are beams that never rot.

(5.)

No cedar-wood from Lebanon
Nor fir so firm endures,
As these our rafters, which his own
Almighty pow'r secures.

(6.)

Thus stablish't, even our lower courts
Defy the gates of hell;
For everlasting strength supports
The dome wherein we dwell.

(7.) In

* Or Galleries, † Or Cypress.

(7.)

In precious cypress gall'ries here
We walk along in state ;
Such are the ordinances dear
Of my imperial mate.

(8.)

In these sweet mansions of his grace
I'll walk with great delight,
Till he prepare a nobler place,
To walk with him in white.

C H A P. II.

CHRIST'S *Words.*

Ver. 1. *I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.*

(1.)

SUCH tainted air from Adam's bow'r
O'er curst mankind blows,
That no green bed nor sav'ry flow'r
In nature's desert grows.

(2.)

Thou then that sings the verdant bed
Adorn'd with flow'rs of grace ;
Come see the rose and lily spread,
That thus perfumes the place.

(3.)

I JESUS, am the fragrant rose,
That healing odours yields,
And free for common profit grows
In Sharon's open fields.

I 2

(4.) That

(4.)

That all who please may freely come,
Of lapsed human race,
And share the sanative perfume
That suits their sickly case.

(5.)

My bleeding love, so oft exprest
To guilty sinners, shows
A beauty in my bloody vest,
Beyond the ruddy rose.

(6.)

Should I to comely flow'rs compare
The beauties of my face,
Roses and lilies, red and fair,
Would strive in it for place.

(7.)

But what's my common paint cast o'er
The blossoms of the field?
Tho' Solomon in all his glorie
Must to their splendor yield.

(8.)

Their comely form but serves to foil
The flow'r of flow'rs above,
Sprung from the hottest heav'nly soil,
My father's fervent love;

(9.)

Who thence the lily did translate
To valleys here below,
That virtue from my humbled state
To sinful worms might flow;

(10.)

And that in vales of misery
When with'ring comforts fail,
The rose of heav'n might also be
The lily of the vale.

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Ver. 2. *As the lily among the thorns, so is my love
among the daughters.*

(1.)

While I the rose and lily fair
Join'd, as my title claim,
My love, the bride, must have a share
Of my enamel'd name.

(2.)

Mine image she so harmless bears
Amidst a furious broil;
She as a lily fair appears
Ev'n in a thorny soil.

(3.)

Among the daughters of despite,
The offspring of the earth,
Her lily-form, so lovely white,
Shews her superior birth.

(4.)

Beset with briers that pierce and pain,
Yet precious in my view,
She pure and harmless does remain
Among the noxious crew.

(5.)

The whole of satan's children are
A field of hurtful thorns,
Enrag'd by hell, to scratch and mar
The flow'r that heaven adorns.

(6.)

But I'll provide in this turmoil
My lily with a shield,
And afterward a better soil,
My glorious azure field.

A PARAPHRASE ON
The CHURCH'S Words.

Ver. 3. *As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons.*——

(1.)

My dearest lord has won my heart
 With his mellifluous *tongue,
 That gives unworthy me a part
 Both in his name and song.

(2.)

He to my need his names doth suit,
 As if he could not be
 A rose and lily of repute,
 Without adorning me.

(3.)

His sav'ry titles thus made known,
 In such endearing ways
 As wrap my name within his own,
 Provoke my heart to praise.

(4.)

Awake, my soul, commend his grace,
 And sing the living tree,
 Who by such apples of solace
 Commends himself to thee.

(5.)

Above the daughters of the earth
 Does he extol my name?
 Above the sons of higher birth
 I will his praise proclaim.

(6.)

As garden apple-trees excel
 The forest's barren race,
 So shines my lord o'er mortals all
 With a superior grace.

(7.) His

* Sweetly eloquent.

(7.)

His fruit so sweet, his form so fair,
His healing leaves so broad,
This tree of life bears no compare
With sons of men or God.

(8.)

Created shrubs, wild gourds be gone,
I climb a higher tree:
Jesus, the living God, alone
Yields shade and sap to me.

—— *I sat down under his shadow with great
delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.*

(1.)

What fool soever disagrees,
My sweet experience proves
That Jesus is the tree of trees,
Among a thousand groves.

(2.)

From paradise wherein he grows
He spreads his branches vast,
To give sweet shade for my repose,
Sweet fruit for my repast.

(3.)

When sore fatigu'd, I sat by faith
Beneath his cooling shade,
Screen'd from the heat of scorching wrath,
My shelter'd soul was glad.

(4.)

The shadow of his righteousness,
The covert of his blood,
When conscious guilt and dread oppress,
A happy peace conclude.

(5.) This

(5.)

This shadow shields me from the fire
That strikes the dread and aw,
The flaming heav'n's incensed ire
And Sinai's fiery law.

(6.)

Such shelter this thick shade imparts,
That no temptation fierce,
No feather'd shafts, nor fiery darts,
Can once the shadow pierce.

(7.)

When Christ my skreen is interpos'd
Between the flames and me,
My joyful heart and lips unclos'd
Adore the glorious tree.

(8.)

No mortal tongue can speak the bliss
That in his shade is giv'n;
For then I'm safe from all distress,
And taste an early heav'n.

(9.)

The tree does with immortal food
My fainting soul solace,
With fruits, the purchase of his blood,
The apples of his grace.

(10.)

O here's the tree of life, that gives
The virtue sinners need,
Enliv'ning fruit, and healing leaves,
To raise and cure the dead.

(11.)

Pardons, and promises and joys
Upon his branches grow,
Which, bending down with gentle poise,
Unload themselves below.

(12.) Laden

(12.)

Laden with grace, his fruit he drops
And spreads my table o'er,
To please my taste, and feed my hopes,
Until I feast in gloire.

Ver. 4. *He brought me to the banqueting house †,
and his banner over me was love.*

(1.)

Who but my lord, the living tree,
My leader also is,
That brings me near to taste and see
This love and grace of his?

(2.)

Because my fall, he kindly thought,
Did *nature's* pow'r displace ;
To his wine-cellars I was brought
By his almighty *grace*.

(3.)

Brought from his garden, to his house,
To taste more joy divine ;
From sipping of the apple-juice,
To drink the spiced wine.

(4.)

With sweet and ravishing solace
My soul was feasted there,
In ordinances of his grace,
The house of his repair.

(5.)

And lo! the royal flag display'd,
Dy'd with the bleeding vine,
Along my solemn entrance led
Into his house of wine.

K

(6.) With

† Or house of wine.

(6.)

With flying colours did I move
And march triumphantly ;
For then was love, victorious love,
His banner lifted high.

(7.)

This signal of his grace adorn'd
That stately march of mine,
And for my entertainment turn'd
My water into wine.

(8.)

Love's conqu'ring flag for war so near
Did all my sins subdue ;
Love led the van, love fenc'd the rear,
Love dasht the hellish crew.

(9.)

My fainting heart was giving o'er,
Till with his ensign spread,
My standard-bearer went before,
And all the furies fled.

(10.)

Soul now to arms; love fights and wins,
This banner guards my life;
Almighty love will slay my sins,
And end the bloody strife.

(11.)

Still therefore to pursue the chase,
Till I triumph above;
I'll mind the banquet of his grace,
The banner of his love :

(12.)

With love he march'd, with love he led,
With love he arm'd my breast,
With love he drew, with love he fed,
With love he crown'd the feast.

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Ver. 5. *Stay * me with flagons, comfort † me with apples; for I am sick of love.*

(1.)

Lo! while my mem'ry does review
His matchless bleeding love,
My spirit falls a bleeding too,
My bowels melt and move.

(2.)

O ye whose office is to bear
The vessels of his grace,
Bring flagons full of comfort here,
And apples of solace.

(3.)

Large vessels fetch without delay
With cordials from above:
Haste ere my spirits swoon away;
I'm sick, I'm sick of love.

(4.)

I'm overcome, I faint, I fail,
Till love shall love relieve;
More love divine the wound can heal
That love divine did give.

(5.)

The agent Christ alone I view,
Tho' now my soul that faints
In sickness raves of aid from you,
That are but instruments.

(6.)

Fill out the wine my lord did bleed
To stay and strengthen me:
The deeper in his love I wade,
The sweeter still is he.

K 2

(7.) *Straw*

* Here the verbs are in the plural number, stay ye me, comfort ye me. † Straw me.

(7.)

Straw me with apples all along;
 Their taste does so surprise,
 I'd ly and roll myself among
 These fruits of paradise.

(8.)

Support this sinking heart of mine
 Beneath a weight of love,
 With living fruit and gen'rous wine
 From azure fields above.

(9.)

I cannot surfeit here nor sist
 Even tho' my cup run o'er,
 But feed on hunger, drink on thirst,
 And covet always more.

(10.)

New feasts of love I seek, to free
 And give love-sickness ease.
 How can I lothe what sickens me,
 So sweet is my disease?

(11.)

The love, the love that I bespeak,
 Does wonders in my soul:
 For, when I'm whole, it makes me sick;
 When sick, it makes me whole.

(12.)

More of the joy that makes me faint
 Would give me present ease:
 If more should kill me, I'm content
 To die of that disease.

Ver. 6. *His left hand is under my head, and his
 right hand doth embrace me.*

(1.) How

(1.)

How soon my fainting soul did cry
For cordials to be brought,
So soon my lord himself drew nigh,
With more than I had fought.

(2.)

I fought wine-flacons, but anon
The vine drew near to me:
I fought but apples in my swoon,
And lo, I found the tree.

(3.)

When I on servants call'd in vain,
My lord himself with speed
Did in his arms of love amain
Uphold my fainting head.

(4.)

My heart's desire is now obtain'd,
I have my royal guest,
And, by his kind embrace sustain'd,
Do in his bosom rest.

(5.)

He does with joys that can't be told
My health and strength repair,
And both his hands about me hold,
To shew his tender care.

(6.)

His left hand for my support he
Beneath my head doth place;
And for my comfort lendeth me
His right hand's soft embrace.

(7.)

His presence brings a plenteous show'r
Of blessings from above;
For now I'm guarded with his pow'r,
And girded with his love.

(8.) For

(8.)

For my solace 'gainst sin and death
 I feel his heav'nly charms,
 And for my safety underneath
 His everlasting arms.

Ver. 7. *I charge you *, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love †, till he please.*

(1.)

Immortal love her rest and room
 Does in my bosom take;
 Woe to the fury that shall come
 This joyful rest to break.

(2.)

Soon as the tim'rous hinds and roes
 Are scarr'd from sleep and rest,
 Would earth and hell this sweet repose
 Maliciously infest.

(3.)

O Salem's daughters, then I pray
 And charge you stand in aw
 To waken love, or do what may
 Make Jesus to withdraw.

(4.)

Yea, all about me I adjure,
 Professors and profane,
 Excepting neither rich nor poor,
 The sov'reign nor the swain:

(5.) By

* Heb. Adjure you. † The word my is a supplement, and the word love is in the feminine gender. She speaks of Christ as that love eminently, or love in the abstract: the original runs, that ye stir not up nor awake love till it please.

(5.)

By pleasant roes and loving hinds,
Affections emblem meet,
By all that's dear to loving minds,
And ev'ry thing that's sweet ;

(6.)

By all that's lovely in your eyes,
I earnestly obtest,
Since Jesus in my bosom lyes,
Ye may not mar his rest.

(7.)

Begone, Sin, Satan, earthly toys,
Far be ye from my heart ;
Approach not to disturb my joys,
Nor cause my lord depart.

(8.)

His smiles are free, he comes and goes,
My happy hour is this :
Why should ye prove such cursed foes
To interrupt my bliss ?

(9.)

My glorious lord now sleeps within
Mine arms of faith and love ;
I charge myself, my heart, my sin,
Not once to stir nor move.

(10.)

He may as sov'reign countermand
The signals of his grace ;
But never let a sinful hand
Of mine eclipse his face.

(11.)

Let no deceitful lusts attend,
To rob me of his charms ;
Nor cursed unbelief, to rend
My love out of mine arms.

(12.) I all

(12.)

I all the spawn of hell explode,
 That would his rest annoy;
 O may I never grieve my God,
 Nor sin away my joy.

Ver. 8. *The voice of my beloved! Behold, he cometh leaping upon * the mountains, skipping upon the hills.*

(1.)

Sweet was the rest, but short the stay
 Of Jesus my belov'd,
 Who lately in my bosom lay,
 But instantly remov'd.

(2.)

Thus doth my sov'reign lord declare
 The freedom of his charms,
 By slipping off, amidst my care
 To hold him in mine arms.

(3.)

Great hills, alas! now interveen
 Betwixt my lord and me;
 His voice unheard, his face unseen:
 Stop, stop, I hear, I see.

(4.)

The voice of my beloved sounds,
 I know the charming lyre;
 No mortal voice so sweetly wounds
 And ravishes mine ear.

(5.)

I hear the voice, I feel the dart,
 My breast begins to burn,
 The joyful sound revives my heart
 With hopes of his return.

(6.) In's

. * Or over.

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(6.)

In's volume, *lo I come*, said he;
And now I see him move
In solemn triumph towards me,
On wings of wondrous love.

(7.)

His coming *in the flesh* I view,
Glad heav'n his march attends:
And coming *in the spirit* too,
For lo, the dove descends.

(8.)

Dark shades adieu, bright morning springs,
Behold the gilded sphere!
Incarnate Love's perfumed wings
Now cleave the shady air.

(9.)

He over hills and mountains high
Comes flying on the clouds,
In stately pomp advancing nigh
Thro' all opposing crouds.

(10.)

Of principalities and pow'rs
He makes an open shew;
Down, in his march, he throws the tow'rs
Of hell's outrageous crew.

(11.)

He skips o'er rocks without delay,
Nor tarries he to climb;
For hills and mountains in the way
Are but a leap to him.

(12.)

O'er heaps of sin to run he deigns,
O'er hills of guilt to flee:
Nor death, nor hell, nor wrath restrains
His loving march to me.

Ver. 9. *My beloved is like a roe, or a younghart* :---

L

(1.) When

(1.)

When faith itself could hardly see
What pow'r could ever pave
The rocky mountains whereon he
Must come to seek and save ;

(2.)

When manifold obstructions met,
My loving Jesus made
A stepping stone of ev'ry let.
That in his way was laid.

(3.)

O'er hills of sin and vales of grief,
O'er mountains, rocks and seas,
For my salvation and relief
He runs, he leaps, he flies.

(4.)

O'er every Bether high and low,
That him and me did part,
He marches like the bounding roe
Or loving youthful hart.

(5.)

To manifest that his delights
Were with the sons of men,
He hastens to restore their rights,
And rife Satan's den.

(6.)

No doubt remains of his good-will,
Whose speedy march does prove
His joyful fondness to fulfil
His purposes of love.

(7.)

When hainous trespasses of mine
Make me conclude that he
Will never any more incline
Again to visit me,

(8.) And

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(8.)

And yet I see him hasting near,
And smiling in my face;
How can I but adore, admire
And magnify his grace!

——Behold, he standeth behind our wall, he look-
eth forth * at the windows, shewing † himself
through the lattess.

(1.)

Come, friends, admire how he renews
The visits of his grace,
And in what various forms he shews
The beauties of his face.

(2.)

His darkest ways will prove him kind;
For, when he hides at all,
He goes not far, but stands behind
Our own partition-wall.

(3.)

Tho' we, alas! do build up high
The hiding wall of sin:
Yet he behind it, very nigh,
Stands ready to come in.

(4.)

His feet no rest can elsewhere take,
But skipping, leaping, move,
Till me the resting-place he make
And center of his love.

(5.)

And tho', while in this distant place,
This vale of sin and thrall,
There's still between me and his face
A thick, a darkning wall;

L 2

(6.) Yet

* Or rather looketh in. † Flourishing.

(6.)

Yet distance alters not his love,
 Nor ought abates his care,
 Which force him thro' the wall to move,
 And make a window there :

(7.)

That there, as thro' a window-glass
 However dark and dim,
 His eye of love to me may pass,
 Mine eye of faith to him.

(8.)

Thro' lattesses that light divide,
 Thro' glorious gospel-lines,
 A vail of flesh, a pierced side,
 His love, his beauty shines.

(9.)

Thus, like a beauteous flow'r in spring,
 He shews himself in state,
 Before the window flourishing,
 And growing thro' the grate.

Ver. 10. *My beloved spake, and said unto me ; Rise
 up, my love, my fair one, and come away *.*

(1.)

When my beloved Jesus nigh
 Did to my soul appear,
 His matchless beauty charm'd mine eye,
 His gracious words mine ear.

(2.)

Why, tho' the sweetest favours giv'n
 Are in his felt embrace ;
 Yet surest intercourse with heav'n
 Is by his word of grace.

(3.) I'll

* See Ver. 13.

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(3.)

I'll therefore sing the words he said,
And his alluring art,
Who me no silent visit made,
But spake into my heart.

(4.)

Thy joyful sound my soul restor'd
And heal'd to that degree,
I never will forget his word
By which he quickned me.

(5.)

" Rise up (said he) my pleasant bride,
" And leave what thee annoys;
" Lay killing fears and damps aside,
" And share my quickning joys.

(6.)

" My love, there is no spot in thee
" But what my grace shall hide;
" Thou art, and evermore shalt be,
" My fair and comely bride.

(7.)

" And since thou'rt mine by solemn tie,
" And I'm so fond of thee,
" It ill becomes thee to be shie
" And carry strange to me.

(8.)

" Are mortal pleasures worth thy stay?
" Flee from their dying arms;
" Hasten to my bosom, come away,
" And share immortal charms.

Ver. 11. *For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.*

(1.) " Come ...

(1.)

" Come love (said he) for now thy way

" Is pleasant, safe and plain:

" Behold a fair, inviting day

" And heav'n above serene.

(2.)

" Fear not the storm; for, ere I gave

" The gracious call to thee,

" Fair weather I commanded have,

" And calm'd the raging sea.

(3.)

" Thou hast no dang'rous winter-flight,

" No drop of wrath to dread;

" The storm did with a vengeance light

" Down on thy surety's head.

(4.)

" So full did I my charge perform

" Once in thy room and place,

" That now no killing wrathful storm

" Can blow upon thy face.

(5.)

" Tempestuous wrath and death is past,

" Stern justice is appeas'd;

" Since I courageous bore the blast,

" All heav'n is fully pleas'd.

(6.)

" I call thee not to fight and bleed,

" But, free of pain and toil,

" To follow thy victorious head,

" And gather in the spoil.

(7.)

" Yea, winter of desertion's past,

" And rain of trouble o'er,

" While by my presence now thou hast

" An antepast * of glore.

Ver.

* Or Foretaste.

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Ver. 12. *The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing † of birds is come.*————

(1.)

“ Come, come; for now, beloved bride,
“ By warming beams of grace,
“ The youthful spring with flow’ry pride
“ Looks smiling in thy face.

(2.)

“ See lapsed nature’s curfed earth,
“ Nipt with a winter-fall,
“ Now blest with buds of heav’nly birth
“ And flow’rs around the ball.

(3.)

“ See Adam’s dry and blasted root,
“ Where briers and thorns were rife,
“ Now bud and bear unfading fruit
“ Unto immortal life.

(4.)

“ Lo, heav’n appears upon the ground
“ Where hell grew up apace;
“ While earthly hearts do now abound
“ With heav’nly flow’rs of grace.

(5.)

“ The fading trees of righteousness
“ Resume their fruitful life,
“ While I the branches lop and dress,
“ And bless the pruning knife.

(6.)

“ The present time of peaceful spring
“ From wint’ry blusters free,
“ Invite the heav’nly birds to sing
“ Upon the living tree.

————And

† Heb. The time of singing is come. *The word rendred singing signifies also to prune or crop.*

~~And the voice of the turtle~~ * is heard in our land.

(1.)

" Lo, now is heard the heav'nly dove,
 " The sacred turtle's voice ;
 " The joyful sound of grace and love
 " Makes drooping hearts rejoice.

(2.)

" Resounding echos thro' the plain
 " From all my little doves,
 " That in the valleys mourn amain,
 " Melodious music proves.

(3.)

" Their hearts that could nor joy nor mourn,
 " So close bound up and pent,
 " Have now upon their lord's return,
 " A joyful, mournful vent.

(4.)

" As loving friends long distant do
 " Most joyful meet their wish,
 " Whose sorrows during absence, now
 " Dissolving, bleed afresh :

(5.)

" So wrestling tribes in chearful mones
 " Their lord approaching wait,
 " With joyful hearts, yet mournful tones,
 " As turtles meet their mate.

(6.)

" Sweet sounds alluring all that list
 " Are heard on every hand,
 " Around the field that I have blest,
 " And stil'd *Immanuel's land*.

Ver.

* By the turtle some understand the Spirit, some the Bride.

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Ver. 13. *The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs,
and the vine with the tender grape give a good
smell.*——

(1.)

“ Now, now is the accepted time,
“ When heav’nly plants of grace
“ All pressing forward to their prime,
“ And thriving, grow apace.

(2.)

“ The figs, tho’ yet unripe for meat,
“ Appear in green array :
“ Young grapes unripe for drink, yet sweet
“ And fav’ry scents convey.

(3.)

“ With joy the early sprigs I see,
“ The young and tender race ;
“ And view with pleasure in mine eye
“ The smallest buds of grace.

(4.)

“ Yea, lo, the well-advanced spring
“ Does in abundance now,
“ Not only flow’rs for pleasure bring,
“ But fruits for profit too.

(5.)

“ The living vine incessant does
“ To ev’ry branch dispense
“ Most sweet and odorif’rous juice,
“ From steams of hell to fence.

(6.)

“ Are serpents said to flee the smell
“ Of vines with fear and dread ?
“ Perfumes of heav’n’s true vine repell
“ Th’ old serpent and his seed.

M

—— *Arise,*

— *Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away* *.

(1.)

“ Rise, drooping bride, while spring so sweet,

“ In place of winter snell,

“ Does thus by various charms invite

“ Thine eyes, and ears, and smell.

(2.)

“ Fair love, 'tis thee I'm fond to wed,

“ 'Tis thee I'm loth to want;

“ Come to thy heav'nly mate, and bid

“ All earthly loves avaunt.

(3.)

“ Thy company and love to gain

“ I am so strongly bent,

“ I'll still insist, till I obtain

“ Thy full and free consent.

(4.)

“ Haste to mine arms; for, didst thou move

“ As I'm to thee inclin'd,

“ Thy heart would on the wings of love

“ Outfly the hasty wind.

Ver. 14. *O my dove that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice: for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.*

(1.)

“ My dove that in the lofty rock

“ Art wont to nestle high,

“ And to my wounds, when storms provoke,

“ As shelt'ring holes to fly;

(2.) “ In

* See Ver. 10.

(2.)

" In secret corners wont to vent

" Thy heart to me alone,

" Kindly to pour thy heavy plaint,

" And make thy humble mone :

(3.)

" O why dost thou, that built so high,

" At every threatning shock,

" So tim'rous now for shelter fly

" To any lower rock ?

(4.)

" Why, frightened from thy lofry nest,

" To lurking holes and cliffs

" Dost take, with shame and fear oppress,

" Such vain and sorry shifts ?

(5.)

" Look up, my dove ; nor blush nor fear

" Thy heav'nly mate to face,

" Who wills thee boldly to appear

" Before his throne of grace.

(6.)

" Lift voice and count'nance both upright

" With confidence to me,

" And let thy voice mine ears delight,

" Thy countenance mine eye.

(7.)

" For sweet's thy voice of pray'r and praise,

" Which please me more to hear,

" Than ever choice melodious lays

" Could charm a mortal ear.

(8.)

" Thy humblest mournful notes, my dove,

" Excel, in my esteem,

" Their highest strains that artful rove

" In orat'ry sublime.

(9.)

“ Thy countenance is also fair

“ And comely in mine eyes ;

“ Tho’ earthly minds with scornful air

“ Thy heav’nly mein despise.

(10.)

“ For, while my righteousness compleat

“ Is still thy robe renown’d,

“ My graces in thy count’nance meet,

“ And cast their lustre round.

Ver. 15. *Take † us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines ; for our vines have tender grapes.*

(1.)

“ But since my bride’s a tim’rous dove,

“ Soon scarr’d and set astray ;

“ Care must be taken to remove

“ The fright’ning beasts of prey.

(2.)

“ Of hurtful foes a hellish brood

“ Against her peace combines ;

“ As in a vineyard foxes rude

“ Infest the feeble vines.

(3.)

“ Let all concern’d in her and me

“ Soon, at our instance, seize

“ The foxes great and small they see

“ That spoil the rising trees.

(4.)

“ Ye ministers of my affairs,

“ My vineyard who attend,

“ I charge you guard against the snares

“ That do the vines offend.

(5.) “ All

† Take, in the original, is in the plural number, take ye.

(5.)

" All erring teachers soon descry,

" Deceitful workers check,

" All false apostles take and try,

" Refute, repel, reject.

(6.)

" No cunning spoilers slightly mark,

" No little foxes spare:

" For these no small destruction work,

" No little mischief share.

(7.)

" A little fox soon spoils and rents

" Small branches to the stump:

" A little leaven soon ferments

" And leavens all the lump.

(8.)

" Our vines have small and tender grapes:

" And if the strong, the big

" With much ado the hurt escapes,

" How hardly will the sprig?

(9.)

" Each soul be also taught to catch

" Small foxes hid in heart,

" Vain thoughts, deceitful lusts, that hatch

" And gender grievous smart.

(10.)

" Their little rising brats destroy,

" Their small beginnings hush;

" Else they the buds of grace and joy,

" The tender branches, crush.

Ver. 16. *My beloved is mine, and I am his; he feedeth * among the lilies †.*

(1.) Such

* Viz. Himself or his people.

† His people or his ordinances,

(1.)

Such were the kindly words he spoke
To give my soul repose,
Such was the order strict he took
With my disturbing foes.

(2.)

I'll therefore boldly now assert,
While yet he hides his face,
And own his int'rest in my heart,
My int'rest in his grace.

(3.)

Lo, I am his, and he is mine,
Our titles are involv'd
By mystic union, so divine
As cannot be dissolv'd.

(4.)

Our mutual int'rest firm abides,
And will endure for ay;
Hence, tho' behind the shade he hides,
He is not far away.

(5.)

Tho' heav'n the noblest banquet yields,
Among his flow'rs above;
Yet here amidst his lily-fields
He keeps his feasts of love.

(6.)

'Mong saints whose robes are lily-white,
By washing in his blood,
To grace the feast is his delight,
His meat and drink and food.

(7.)

With loving care his flock he feeds
Upon the fattest place,
Among the fairest lily-beds,
The pastures of his grace.

(8.) By

(8.)

By faith I wait my proper share,
When nought by sense I see;
And argue from his past'ral care
His loving mind to me.

Ver. 17. * *Until the day break †, and the shadows
flee away.* —

(1.)

Among the lilies here below
My lord will feed and stay,
Until eternal day shall blow
Time's shady night away :

(2.)

Still therefore rays of joy remain,
Tho' damp't with clouds of fear ;
Until he cleave the starry plain,
And on the clouds appear.

(3.)

Did saints of old, when wrapt in night,
Believing, hope to see
Incarnate love's substantial light
Make legal shadows flee ?

(4.)

'Tis done ; and now the brighter skie
Makes gospel-grace the pawn,
That all remaining shades shall die
And sink in glory's dawn.

(5.)

Her fiery wheels with speedy flight
Shall o'er the shades be hurl'd,
And deluges of dawning light
O'erspread the dusky world.

(6.) *Let*

† *These words are applicable either to the preceeding or following.*

* *Breathe or blow.*

(6.)

Let there be light, once more he'll say
 Who first did gild the ball:
 Then up shall rise the endless day,
 And down the shadows fall.

(7.)

Darkness, the charge, *no more to be*,
 Shall hear, and soon obey,
 And clouds of sin and sorrow flee
 Before the rising day.

(8.)

The long dark nights that kept the field
 And domineer'd with might,
 Shall then resign their place, and yield
 To everlasting light.

(9.)

Ev'n ordinances sweet shall pass
 Which darkly shew him here;
 For then he'll break the looking-glass,
 And face to face appear.

(10.)

Welcome, the great, the glorious store;
 Adieu, sweet, little pawns:
 I'll doubt, and fear, and sin no more,
 When glory's morning dawns.

———*Turn * my beloved, and be thou like a
 roe, or a young hart upon the mountains of Be-
 ther †.*

(1.)

Kind Lord, till this bright morn appear
 To my eternal bliss,
 Till dusky shadows all retire
 And work no more distress:

(2.) Turn,

* *As in a circuit.*† *Or of division.*

(2.)

Turn, till this glorious break of day,
O turn to me thy face ;
While in thy shady vale I stay,
Deny me not thy grace.

(3.)

While circling woes depress my soul
To various darksome urns :
Let circling mercies round me roll,
By various kind returns.

(4.)

O'er hills of sin, and guilt, and woe,
That place us far apart,
Come marching like the bounding roe,
Or loving youthful hart.

(5.)

O'er mountains to their mates they move,
They skip, they leap, they flee ;
With equal ease, and speed, and love
Haste o'er the hills to me.

(6.)

Tho' justly thou retire and hide,
Thy favour stands unmov'd :
I'll therefore own I am thy bride,
And thou art my belov'd.

(7.)

Hence shall dividing hills and rents
Between my soul and thee,
Be to my faith but arguments
To haste thy march to me.

(8.)

Let mighty hills, o'er which to go
Defies my feeble limbs,
Enhance the glory of the roe
That rocks and mountains climbs.

N

(9.) Difficulties

(9.)

Difficulties so huge to me
 I never can remove,
 Be but occasions fair to thee
 To shew thine active love.

(10.)

Let rising mountains haste the view
 Of all-surmounting might:
 And ev'ning shades, the falling dew
 Of love, till morning light.

C H A P. III.

The CHURCH'S Words

Ver. 1. *By night on my bed I sought him whom
 my soul loveth; I sought him, but I found him
 not.*

(1.)

WHEN Shadows dark and mountains high,
 With stern united might,
 Conspir'd to hide him from mine eye
 Whose absence is my night;

(2.)

Upon my drowsy bed alone,
 Amidst my slumbers tost,
 I sought him; but my slothful mone
 And lazy labour lost.

(3.)

Love acting such a languid part,
 I felt a strange disease,
 An absent lord, a careless heart,
 And rest without release.

(4.) Justly

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(4.)

Justly the darling of my soul,
Still rolling in my mind,
Did my dull suit again controul;
I sought, but could not find.

*Ver. 2. I will rise now, and go about the city, in
the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek
him whom my soul loveth : I sought him, but I
found him not.*

(1.)

Since my beloved won't be found
In such a sleepy road,
I'll rouse, and rise, and go around
The city of my God.

(2.)

More life and vigour than before,
Thro' grace, I will display;
And in my search frequent no more
This lazy, formal way.

(3.)

But, shaking off my drowsy chains,
About his courts I'll move,
With more activity and pains,
To seek my dearest love.

(4.)

I'll ev'ry secret corner trace,
And search the public street,
The ordinances of his grace,
Till I my Saviour meet.

(5.)

In mere resolves I did not sist,
But sought him here and there;
Yet, ah, the God of Jacob mist
Even in the house of pray'r.

N 2

(6.) So

(6.)

So much did former laziness
 To present loss redound,
 That in the most devout address
 He was not to be found.

Ver. 3. *The watchmen that go about the city found me: To whom I said, saw ye him whom my soul loveth?*

(1.)

Then was I (while I roam'd abroad)
 By faithful watchmen found,
 Who in the city of their god
 Perform'd their painful ro nd.

(2.)

To whom I cry'd, with great respect,
 " Ye pilots of the blind,
 " Can ye my wand'ring steps direct
 " My dearest love to find?

(3.)

" I hope, ye who with heav'nly art
 " Still tread the holy ground,
 " Well know the darling of my heart,
 " And where he may be found.

(4.)

" When my belov'd is hid from you,
 What paths, what means of grace,
 " What course do ye yourselves pursue
 " To see his lovely face?

(5.)

" Tell me, ye watchmen of the night,
 " I pray you, tell me where
 " Did ye espy my soul's delight?
 " That I may seek him there.

(6.) " O hap-

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(6.)

“ O happy stars, if ye might be

“ My guides to Jesus now !

“ Seers, did ye my Saviour see ?

“ Pray tell me where, and how ?

(7.)

But, ah, no lips of saints or priests

My present plaint could stay ;

All were but dry and empty breasts,

While Jesus was away.

(8.)

My teachers left me still in doubt,

While he withheld his grace ;

Even when their doctrine *found me out*,

And touch'd my very case.

(9.)

Tho' public means no present stop

Put to my bleeding wound ;

Yet, lo, the healing dew they drop

I soon in private found.

Ver. 4. *It was but a little that I passed from
them, but I found him whom my soul loveth :--*

(1.)

When public ordinances fail'd

In easing my complaints ;

When little to my help avail'd

Or ministers or saints :

(2.)

When means and duties nought could do,

Tho' useful in their place,

As open inns ; and precious too,

As sweet canals of grace :

(3.) Yet,

(3.)

Yet, proving as to success weak,
 Beyond them all I past,
 A little further step to make,
 And found my love at last.

(4.)

When outward conduit-pipes could vent
 No drop, to help my need,
 The little step I further went
 Was to the fountain-head.

(5.)

For passing thro' the brittle reeds,
 And but a little space;
 And looking o'er the servants heads,
 I saw the master's face.

(6.)

My trust in means did *from them* pass,
 A higher rock to climb;
 But *through them*, as the looking-glass,
 I fixt mine eyes on him.

(7.)

How soon thro' gospel telescopes
 Faith did his glory spy;
 Dismissing all inferior hopes,
 My heart pursu'd mine eye.

(8.)

I found my soul's beloved chase,
 In all his pleasing charms;
 Then joyful flew to his embrace,
 And graspt him in mine arms.

————— *I held him, and would not let him go,* —————

(1.) His

(1.)

His presence which by faith and pray'r
I fought so much to gain,
Now, when enjoy'd, with equal care
I labour'd to retain.

(2.)

I wept for joy to see his face,
And, like a kindly bride,
Inclos'd him fast in mine embrace,
And prest him to abide.

(3.)

His presence did such bliss imply,
His absence such a bane;
I now resolv'd that he and I
Should never part again.

(4.)

I saw his smiling face where stood
A thousand lovely charms,
And melted down into a flood
Of pleasure in his arms.

(5.)

And, lightning now on Jacob's road,
Did equal fervour show;
I wept and wrestled with my God,
And would not let him go.

(6.)

In heat of battle for the bliss
On pleasant Bethel plains,
I held him by his faithfulness,
The girdle of his reins.

(7.)

And while I made his truth my shield,
His word of grace my stay;
The God of Jacob deign'd to yield,
And could not say me nay.

(8.) OF

(8.)

Of freedom great without offence
 Allowing me my fill;
 With holy, humble violence
 I won him to my will.

— *Until I had brought him into my mother's
 house, and into the chambers of her that conceiv-
 ed me.*

(1.)

While such a banquet I enjoy'd,
 Such pow'r with God in pray'r,
 My court and moyen I employ'd
 That others too might share.

(2.)

Remembring, while I suckt the comb,
 My starving friends in jail;
 I brought him to my mother's home,
 His largesses to deal;

(3.)

That all my relatives might taste
 My present wondrous blifs,
 Who faint with famine in the waste
 And howling wilderness.

(4.)

With ardent zeal besought I him,
 To let his blessing fall
 On mystical Jerusalem,
 The mother of us all.

(5.)

'Tis writ in Zion's infant-roll,
 This man and that man there
 Was born again; and there my soul
 First drew the vital air.

(6.) I there-

(6.)

I therefore beg'd, her offspring free
Might have, with peaceful days,
The pleasure of his company
In his approved ways.

(7.)

His presence to her house I sought,
Its ruins to repair,
To strengthen what his hands had wrought,
And shew his glory there.

(8.)

I pray'd him to my native home,
As his belov'd resort;
Nor did my Lord refuse to come
And grace his sacred court.

(9.)

For there he fill'd oft to the brim
My cup of joy; and there
His love to me, and mine to him,
Did mutual tokens share.

(10.)

I found, to my experience glad,
That, in the wrestling way,
The God of Jacob never said
The seed of Jacob, nay.

Ver. 5. *I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
by the roes and by the hinds of the field, that ye
stir not up nor awake my love till he please *.*

O

(1.) My

* See Chap. ii. 7. the same words, but here they relate to
Christ's presence in the church, the mother's house, that that be not
harred.

(1.)

My Lord does now his joyful rest
In Zion's bosom take ;
Wo to the sin, th' unwelcome guest,
This sweet repose shall break.

(2.)

Ye daughters of Jerusalem,
That love to him profess,
Take care ye do not lose the gem,
The joy that ye possess.

(3.)

While some delight in hinds and roes,
And from alarms would shield
Their soon-disturbed, soft repose,
Upon the open field.

(4.)

Shall we awake our dearest love,
With vain and earthly noise,
That may provoke him to remove,
And dash our present joys ?

(5.)

If some affect the rural charms
And pleasures of the field,
A dearer love is in our arms
Than ever earth could yield.

(6.)

If they their pleasing trifles would
All undisturb'd enjoy ;
Shan't we our dearest darling hold
And hug without annoy ?

(7.)

Ye then that of my mother's house
The sons and daughters are,
Be careful, while he stays with us,
Lest ye the pleasure mar.

(8. While

(8.)

While he vouchsafes to be our guest,
And grace our public inn,
Let none of us disturb his rest,
By heav'n-provoking sin.

(9.)

In love he comes and goes, and so
May leave his holy hill :
But woe to us if off he go
In wrath, against his will.

(10.)

His will and pleasure is a law,
To which we must submit :
But never tempt him to withdraw,
Until he judge it fit.

The COMPANIONS Words.

Ver. 6. *Who is this * that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrhe and frankincense, and all powders of the merchant ?*

(1.)

What bride is this, in bright aray,
With precious blessings stor'd,
That gives us solemn charge to pay
Such homage to her lord ?

(2.)

Up from the desert see her move,
And climb the azure skies ;
As from the glowing altar's stove
The smoaky pillars rise.

O 2

(3.) Her

* This, here, is in the feminine gender, q. d. *Who is she that cometh up, etc.*

(3.)

Her heart inflam'd with holy fire
 In the devoutest mode,
 Adventures boldly to aspire
 Unto the throne of God.

(4.)

As tow'ring smoke in air serene,
 With stately rising heads,
 Majestic mounts above the plain
 In lofty pyramids:

(5.)

See how her warm'd affections tow'r
 And, with a heav'nly air,
 Contempt on earthly glory pour,
 As worthless of her care.

(6.)

Perfum'd with myrrhe and incense sweet,
 She smells like flow'ry spring,
 With sav'ry graces, odours meet
 To entertain her king.

(7.)

No precious powders from afar,
 Of which the merchant boasts,
 Like these her grateful odours are,
 Brought from Immanuel's coasts.

(8.)

So wondrous are the charms we spy,
 So rich the broider'd robe ;
 Her daz'ling splendor blinds our eye,
 And blazes o'er the globe.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 7. Behold, his bed * which is Solomon's,——

(1.) O friends,

* See Chap. i. 16.

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(1.)

O friends, what mean you, with surprise,
On mortal me to gaze?
From borrow'd beauty turn your eyes
To uncreated rays.

(2.)

Behold the king magnificent
Who me so richly clad
Whom Solomon the opulent *
Did typify and shade.

(3.)

Come, see his equipage prepar'd,
And ensigns of renown,
His stately bed, his royal guard,
His chariot and his crown.

(4.)

His bed of state in Zion stands,
Within the royal court;
For there the blessing heav'n commands,
There is his lov'd resort.

(5.)

There, still remains, as prophets vouch,
And holy scriptures tell,
The heir of heav'n's embroider'd couch
For hugging heirs of hell.

(6.)

This is my rest, here will I stay,
In sacred lines he said;
And, till he can his word unsay,
He'll never change his bed.

(7.)

'Tis here, with pleasure unexpress'd,
Our mutual loves combine,
On easy downs of holy rest,
And fellowship divine.

(8.) The

* Rich.

(8.)

The furniture and cost immense
 About the bed may clear
 An infinitely greater prince
 Than Solomon is here.

— *Threescore valiant men are about it, of the
 valiant of Israel. V. 8. They all hold swords,
 being expert in war: every man hath his sword
 upon his thigh, because of fear in the night.*

(1.)

Behold the royal guard, to fence
 His bed on ev'ry side,
 To shew the splendor of the prince,
 The safety of the bride.

(2.)

A num'rous host of nobler knights
 Than Solomon's brigade
 Of sixty valiant Israelites
 Around his iv'ry bed.

(3.)

For, lo, the resting place to guard
 The hosts of God combine,
 Thousands of angels all prepar'd,
 And attributes divine.

(4.)

The lowest rank that rails the bed
 Are watchmen of the night,
 Who stand as sentries in the shade,
 Until the morning-light.

(5.)

Of these the faithful to their prince
 No naked soldiers are,
 But arm'd compleat for bold defence,
 As mighty sons of war.

(6.) By

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111

(6.)

By long experience skilful grown
They in the field command,
And val'rous for the heav'nly crown
They fight with sword in hand.

(7.)

The spirit's sword each ready wears
Close girded by his side,
The word of God, to still the fears
Of Jesus' royal bride.

(8.)

When nightly dreads her quiet mar,
Their swords silence the fright,
And from the holy spot debar
The terrors of the night.

(9.)

Yea, Zion's king himself acclaims
To be her shield and shade ;
His blood, his word, his oath, his names
Defend the royal bed.

(10.)

The sentry is almighty wings,
For * subsidy prepar'd :
What sleeping couch of earthly kings
Can boast of such a guard ?

(11.)

Amidst night-shades that fear suggest,
Amidst † menacing harms,
They ly secure, whose bed of rest
Is strong Immanuel's arms.

(12.)

Ye that my bright aray descry,
See, see, his guarded bed ;
Where I in ease and safety ly,
Beneath his garment spread.

Ver.

* Help or aid. † Threatning.

Ver. 9. *King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon. V. 10. He made the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it of purple; the midst thereof being paved with love for the daughters of Jerusalem.*

(1.)

Ye that, amaz'd at my ascent,
Stand gazing to the sky,
Come see the engine eminent,
By which I mount so high.

(2.)

Lo, here, beside the resting place
And bed to lay me soft,
Are flying chariot-wheels of grace
To bear my soul aloft.

(3.)

Our Solomon, the prince of peace,
The king of Zion fam'd,
For his renown, and my release,
A stately chariot fram'd.

(4.)

He who for pleasure made the bed,
For peace who set the guard,
For solemn pomp and cavalcade
This glorious engine rear'd.

(5.)

He, congruous to his old decree,
For shewing forth his praise,
A cov'nant firm of promise free
Did like a chariot raise.

(6.)

None fram'd of Leb'non's finest wood
By wisest engineers,
Could equal this, so gay, so good,
And firm to endless years.

(7.) The

(7.)

The pillars thereof, for the ease
And support of the weak,
Are precious silver promises,
That will nor bow nor break.

(8.)

Its bottom is a ground-work sure
Of pure and solid gold,
From bankrupt begg'ry to secure,
From falling thro' t' uphold.

(9.)

Its cov'ring safe from sin to shroud,
And sure from wrath to hide,
Is purple dye, the scarlet flood
From Jesus' wounded side.

(10.)

For Salem's race (tho' some purblind
Its outside pomp but move)
The midst unseen is pav'd and lin'd
With velvet seats of love.

(11.)

He who to shew his kindness fresh
For human brats abroad,
Came riding in a car of flesh,
The high, the humble God;

(12.)

Now for his bride a chariot fair
Of gospel-grace provides;
In which he conqu'ring ev'ry where
And she triumphing rides.

*Ver. 11. Go forth, O daughters of Zion, and behold
king Solomon with the crown wherewith his mo-
ther crowned him in the day of his espousals, and
in the day of the gladness of his heart.*

P

(1.) King

(1.)

King Jesus' royalties each one,
O Zion's daughters, see;
The bed, the guard, the coach, the crown
Presented to your eye.

(2.)

Behold my king, you'll strange the less
To see my bright array;
'Tis fit I now appear in dress,
His coronation-day.

(3.)

Go forth in heart, from earthly toys,
From self that airy thing,
From sinful pleasures, dying joys,
And see the living king.

(4.)

To him whom mother Zion bore,
The crown does appertain:
His father to his mother swore,
That Solomon should reign.

(5.)

Behold the king, with wonder deep,
Whose glory cannot fade,
Jesus thro' Solomon the type,
The substance thro' the shade.

(6.)

Come see, believe, admire, adore,
Heav'n-gladning homage pay,
To match his mother's crown he wore
Upon his nuptial-day.

(7.)

The day wherein he blest the earth,
And won his bride apart,
When she him met with holy mirth,
And he rejoic'd in heart.

(8.) The

(8.)

The saints, who do his image bear,
Proclaim the high renown
Of Zion's king; who deigns to wear
Their praises as his crown.

(9.)

They act the fond * maternal part,
In joint applauding bans;
The heav'nly babe form'd in their heart
Is crown'd with both their hands.

(10.)

His wedding and his crowning day
Their pompous joys unite;
To pourtray him the lovely way
Where grace and grandeur meet.

(11.)

Once bound unto the altar's horns
A victim for our dues,
His head was crown'd with cruel thorns
By's mother-church the Jews.

(12.)

But pleasures now his pains repay,
And pomp that suits him well,
His father's crown, with sov'reign sway
O'er heav'n and earth and hell.

* *Motherly.*

C H A P. IV.

CHRIST'S Words.

Ver. 1. *Behold, thou art fair, my love, behold, thou art fair, thou hast doves eyes within thy locks: thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from mount Gilead.*

(1.)

MY Love, who slighting gawdy fame,
Dost human praise eschew,
From zeal to magnify my name,
And give to me my due:

(2.)

Thy name no detriment sustains
By travail mine to raise;
For, lo, I now return thy pains,
By crowning thee with praise.

(3.)

My truth, that can't the false decoy
Of flattering lips approve,
Asserts, to animate thy joy,
Thou art my spotless love.

(4.)

Lo, thou art fair; lo, thou art fair.
Twice fair thou art, I say;
My righteousness and graces are
Thy double bright array.

(5.)

Tho' thou a spotted leopard,
And black thyself dost stile;
Yet, as a mark of my regard,
I count thee free of guile.

(6.) When

(6.)

When to a dog, a mite, a gnat,
Thou dost thyself compare,
And call thyself a hellish brat,
Ev'n then I call thee fair.

(7.)

Thy trembling faith will scarcely own
My comeliness on thee;
Behold, behold, twice be it known,
Thou art all fair in me.

(8.)

I see the beauties of the dove
That decks without disguise;
For there devout affections move,
Like turtles charming eyes.

(9.)

So modest, humble, pure and chaste,
So faithful to their mate;
On me alone they fix and rest,
And all my rivals hate.

(10.)

Thy beauteous eyes, vail'd with thy locks,
Shew wise sobriety:
And heav'nly beauties finest strokes,
From ostentation free.

(11.)

Gay, like a comely flock of goats
On Gilead's stately hight,
Is thine adorning hair, that notes
Thy gesture shining bright.

(12.)

No artful curls, no pamper'd hair,
The pride of mortal clay,
Can parallel the heav'nly air
Of thy well order'd way.

Ver. 2. *Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing: whereof every one bear twins, and none is barren among them.*

(1.)

The world, struck with thy beauty, may
Believe thy pasture good,
Did they thy grinders white survey
That champ the heav'nly food.

(2.)

Thy teeth, the bread of life that cull,
And eager eat my flesh,
Are acts of faith in number full,
In nature fair and fresh.

(3.)

Thy priests, the living bread who break
And nurse the babes new born;
When by an equal law they act,
Like evenly teeth adorn.

(4.)

None does his fellow overgrow,
Wry'd from his proper place;
But all, as equal grinders, show
Due pains to feed thy race.

(5.)

They hold a comely paritie,
Nor orderless molest,
As proud o'ertopping teeth would be
Like prelates o'er the rest.

(6.)

Thine active zeal, yet mild doth keep
A just equality;
Like ev'nly rounded flocks of sheep,
New past the shearer's eye.

(7.) Thy

(7.)

Thy purity exceeds their fleece
Washt in the crystal flood;
Thy fruits of holiness and peace
Outvie their num'rous brood.

(8.)

There does not in the flock appear
One fruitless barren womb:
But all by twins their product bear,
And lead them bleeting home.

Ver. 3. *Thy lips are like a threed of scarlet, and
thy speech is comely: thy temples are like a piece
of a pomegranate within thy locks.*

(1.)

I view'd thy beauteous moving lips,
Instructing Salem's race,
And dropping purest nectar sips,
In fav'ry words of grace.

(2.)

Thence sacred pray'rs and praise proceed,
So grateful unto God;
Thy lips are like a scarlet threed
Dy'd with attoning blood.

(3.)

These balmy lips with pleasing voice
Shrill in devotion's path,
Salute mine ears with secret joys;
And spread a fragrant breath.

(4.)

Thy speech, in praise, to my renown;
And pray'r for bliss from me;
In *social words*, to make me known;
Shews grace with gravity.

(5.) Hence

(5.)

Hence 'granat-like, thy temples fair,
 Vail'd in thy locks appear;
 While ruddy blushes deck thy pray'r,
 When none but God can hear.

(6.)

From men thou hid'st thy rosy cheeks,
 Which shame for sin doth flush;
 Yet, spite of masks, thy mein detects
 Thy beauteous holy blush.

*Ver. 4. Thy neck is like the tower of David build-
 ed for an armoury, whereon there hang a thou-
 sand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.*

(1.)

Besides thy coral lips and cheeks,
 Thy towering iv'ry neck,
 Fram'd like a heav'nly structure, speaks
 Wisdom its architect.

(2.)

This neck of precious faith excells
 King David's stately tower;
 It holds the glorious head, and dwells
 Upon the rock of power.

(3.)

As *that* was for an arm'ry built
 Of warlike weapons bright,
 Where hung a thousand bucklers gilt,
 All shields of men of might:

(4.)

So *this* most vig'rous faith of thine
 More conquest by my names,
 My words and attributes divine,
 Than many shields acclaims.

(5.) Defensive

(5.)

Defensive arms, in ev'ry case,
Within this tower abound ;
With weapons of victorious grace,
And bulwarks built around.

(6.)

Thy neck of faith assimilates
An arm'ry built upright :
It stands renown'd for valiant feats,
And boldest acts of might.

(7.)

Faith joining her almighty king,
Safe, spite of fears, can dwell ;
And viewing death without a sting
Defy the gates of hell.

Ver. 5. *Thy two breasts are like two young roes
that are twins, which feed among the lilies **

(1.)

Thy breasts of love resemble roes
Both young delightful twins :
In thee such equal ardour glows,
For God, and 'gainst thy sins.

(2.)

Thou op'nest frank a twofold breast,
Two test'ments, and two seals ;
Which to thy children yield a feast
Of milk for daily meals.

(3.)

Thine equal breasts delightful feed
With milk of sweet solace
In just proportion to the need
Of all the babes of grace.

Q

(4.) Among

* See Chap. vii. 3.

(4.)

Among my flocks, the lillie-fields,
 Where I with pleasure feast,
 Thy wholesome conversation yields
 Sweet food with open breast.

*Ver. 6. Until the day break, and the shadows flee
 away, I will get me up to the mountain of myrrhe,
 and to the hill of frankincense.*

(1.)

I heard thy former warm request,
 To haste the shades away,
 Or, during night, abide thy guest
 Until the break of day.

(2.)

Thy prayer still in mind I bear,
 To which no longer mute,
 As then I bent my list'ning ear,
 So now I grant thy sute.

(3.)

In Zion mount my feet shall stay,
 And there I'll lodge with thee,
 Until the dawn of glory's day,
 That shades of sorrow flee.

(4.)

There will I smell the savour sweet
 Of active grace and prayer;
 For Zion is my chosen seat,
 I'll rest for ever there.

(5.)

Accepted off'rings all mature
 My holy hill surround,
 Perfum'd with myrrhe and incense pure,
 That spread their odours round.

(6.) No

(6.)

No spice so much delights the smell
As incense smoking there :
Still therefore shall my spirit dwell
Within the house of pray'r.

(7.)

This mount of incense, hill of myrrhe,
My grace shall still adorn :
Nor thence will I decamp or stir,
Till glory's nuptial-morn ;

(8.)

Till to my royal courts above
My trumpet call thee up,
To consummate our endless love,
And drink full pleasure's cup.

Ver. 7. Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee.

(1.)

My love, thou seem'st a lothsom worm :
Yet such thy beauties be,
I spoke but half thy comely form ;
Thou'rt wholly fair in me.

(2.)

Whole justify'd, in perfect dress ;
Nor justice, nor the law
Can in thy robe of righteousness
Discern the smallest flaw.

(3.)

Yea, sanctify'd in ev'ry part,
Thou'rt perfect in design :
And I thee judge by what thou art
In thy intent and mine.

Q 2

(4.) Fair

(4.)

Fair love, by grace compleat in me,
 Beyond all beauteous brides,
 Each spot that ever sullied thee
 My purple vesture hides.

Ver. 8. *Come * with me from Lebanon, my spouse,
 with me from Lebanon: look from the top of A-
 mana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from
 the lions dens, from the mountains of leopards.*

(1.)

Fair consort, did I thee betroth?
 And get thy heart and hand?
 I urge thee by thy marriage-oath
 Regard my kind command.

(2.)

Come, come with me from Lebanon,
 This mount of vanity:
 Faith's object, things unseen, unknown,
 More suit thy high degree.

(3.)

Come from this world's bewitching heights,
 O new-born soul forget
 The pompous fopp'ries, gay delights,
 Toys of thy native state.

(4.)

Are mortal pleasures worth thy stay,
 Or dying shades and toys,
 When I invite thy heart away
 To share immortal joys?

(5.) By

* *The words here may be read by way of promise, thou shalt
 come with me.*

(5.)

By faith look from Amana's top,
From Shenir, Hermon fair;
Thence over Jordan look with hope
Where Zion's glories are.

(6.)

Let me alone possess thy heart,
Leave ev'ry lion's den,
From these wild leopard-hills depart,
The place of furious men.

(7.)

All worldly joys are overweigh'd
With hills of vexing care,
And under gawdy pleasures hide
Some ghastly dang'rous snare.

(8.)

Let blinded moles in earthen hills
Their mould'ring store pursue,
And lick the dust that never fills;
Bid thou mole-hills, adieu.

(9.)

I'll thee to higher blifs exalt,
For ever with thy Lord:
Come, come thou must, and come thou shalt,
My love's thy drawing cord.

Ver. 9. *Thou hast * ravished my heart, my sister,
my spouse; thou hast ravished my heart with one
of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck.*

(1.)

Thy fellowship's my fond desire,
Thus su'd by kindly calls;
Because my vanquisht heart on fire
Thy beauty's captive falls.

(2.) I can-

* Or taken away my heart.

(2.)

I cannot see with pleasure, love,
Thy feet on mountains roam;
Nor can I rest, until above
My palace be thy home.

(3.)

I own, my spouse, and sister dear,
Unsham'd my brotherhood;
We're doubly sib, our kindred's near
By marriage and by blood.

(4.)

Thou hast, my father being thine,
In's love a filial part;
And I'm, (thou hast so much of mine,)
Scarce master of my heart.

(5.)

To thee I bear a love intense,
Ev'n to the last degree:
Thou, in effect, by violence
Hast rapt my heart from me.

(6.)

Of all created beauties brave
E'er fashion'd by my hand,
None like thy comely graces have
My heart at such command.

(7.)

One glance of thy believing eye,
One chain of thy fair neck,
Part of thy form has ravish'd me;
How must the whole affect?

(8.)

Thy pow'rful faith and love detains
My heart trapt, yet enlarg'd,
With strong delights and pleasing chains,
I'm conquer'd and o'ercharg'd.

The SONG of SOLOMON. 127

Ver. 10. *How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse ?
how much better is thy love than wine ? and the
smell of thy ointments, than all spices ?*

(1.)

Dear relative, thou in whose veins
My blood and spirit run,
Bound to my heart by various chains,
I'll in thy praise go on.

(2.)

How fair ! how grateful unto me
Are all thy fruits of love !
Thy love beyond compare I see,
And with my heart approve.

(3.)

My love divine was in thine eye
Prefer'd to richest wine :
And, not to be behind with thee,
I'll speak the praise of thine.

(4.)

Thy love excells the choicest wine
That cheers man's heart apace ;
For, lo, this fervent grace of thine
Can God's own heart solace :

(5.)

No wine of off'rings once pour'd out
Did such acceptance win,
As does thy shining life without,
From burning love within.

(6.)

All graces sweet thy love attend,
By me acceptance find,
And forth their fragrant odours send,
Like oil of purest kind.

(7.) The

(7.)

The holy unction pour'd on thee
 Yields to my heart a feast,
 And smells more * redolent to me
 Than spices of the east.

(8.)

As streams unto their spring reflow,
 To me is thy recourse:
 I call thee fair, who made thee so;
 My love's of thine the source.

(9.)

Thy love's my due, because of old
 With men were my delights;
 I joy'd in loves I should behold,
 Now charm'd I'm with the sights.

(10.)

Heart-piercing love of ancient rise
 Thou didst so much ingross;
 The wounds of love made me despise
 The torments of the cross.

Ver. 11. *Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the hony-
 comb: hony and milk are under thy tongue, and
 the smell of thy garments is like the smell of
 Lebanon.*

(1.)

O spouse, thy love with loveliness
 Is mixt in word and walk;
 My tongue takes pleasure to express
 How I approve thy talk.

(2.) Drops

* Sweet or savoury.

(2.)

Drops from thy lips distill'd, with ease,
To saints more sweetness yield,
Than hony-combs which busy bees
Suck from the flow'ry field.

(3.)

Both Canaan's blessings glide below
Thy sweet instructive tongue :
For thence do milk and honey flow,
To feed and feast thy young.

(4.)

Thy heart still with thy tongue agrees,
To fill the flowing tide,
And shew thou art, without disguise,
My fair and fertile bride.

(5.)

Such is thy wonted holy strain,
Refreshing pleasures load,
Thy language in discourse with men,
And duty towards God.

(6.)

Cloth'd with my righteousness, thy smell
Is like a field of bliss :
And hath with this, to deck thee well,
A robe of fav'ry grace.

(7.)

Hence still abroad thy favour flies
In works, and practice fair,
Which Lebanon's perfume outvies,
That scents the circling air.

(8.)

As there, sweet-smelling trees and flow'rs
Did, fann'd with gales, abound ;
Thy gospel-walk sweet odours pours
To God and man around.

R

Ver.

Ver. 12. *A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse:
a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.*

(1.)

My bride's a garden of solace,
Where fruits and flow'rs abound ;
A sacred spot, inclos'd by grace,
Well fenc'd and wall'd around.

(2.)

From common earth sequestrate quite,
Reserved for my use ;
Preserved also by my might,
From violence and abuse.

(3.)

A spring, diffusing crystal streams,
Does midst the garden swell ;
Shut up from sultry hurtful beams
And feet would taint the well.

(4.)

A fountain seal'd for secrecy,
T' enhance the worth unseen :
For shelter and security,
To keep it pure and clean.

(5.)

My privy seal was stamp't thereon,
That bliss which heav'n commands
Abroad from thence in rills may run,
And streams o'er distant lands.

(6.)

As me the Father seal'd to spread
For hungry souls heav'n's food ;
So Zion's springs are seal'd, to shed
On thirsty ground a flood.

The SONG of SOLOMON. 131

Ver 13. *Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits, camphire with spikenard, Ver 14. Spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense, myrrhe and aloes, with all the chief spices.*

(1.)

Sweet fruits all flourishing around
My garden well beseems;
Which cannot prove a barren ground,
Amidst such living streams.

(2.)

Thy plants of grace do parallel
An orchard rich with trees;
Sweet, to delight the taste and smell;
Fair to salute the eyes.

(3.)

Here 'granates young and camphire grow,
Here spice and incense bloom,
'Nard, cinnamon, myrrhe, aloes blow
With gales a rich perfume.

(4.)

Here num'rous plants with fragrant scent,
And odours most refin'd,
All in their nature excellent,
And various in their kind.

(5.)

Thy blooming plants of grace display
A heav'nly soil and air;
And sap divine which I convey
Makes all the planting fair.

(6.)

Wild nature's soil could ne'er produce
Such trees as here do stand
For special pleasure, special use,
All planted by my hand.

Ver. 15. *A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.*

(1.)

Thy pleasant garden's blooming plants
All others far excel ;
For heav'n, to thine indulgent, grants
Streams of salvation's well.

(2.)

This fountain open, full and nigh,
Makes plants their vigour yield ;
Yea, neighb'ring gardens does supply,
And each adjacent field.

(3.)

Thy graces frank their juice convey,
Not dript as shallow pails ;
But living springs, that night and day
How to refresh the vales.

(4.)

Such is thy lib'ral flowing mind,
Nor are with penury
Thy blessings to thy banks confin'd,
But common as the sea.

(5.)

My quickning spirit, freely shed,
That Zion's banks may flow,
The river is, whose streams do glad,
And make the planting grow.

(6.)

The well of water here runs o'er,
The current to maintain ;
With hasty course to endless gloire,
As rivers to the main.

(7.) Not

(7)

Not Jordan swell'd from Lebanon
So stately rolls her tide ;
As crystal rivers from the throne
Thro' Zion's valleys glide.

(8.)

Thy rills of grace to me return,
And own their springs in me :
As garden-streams from thence must run,
With tribute to the sea.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 16. *Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out : let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.*

(1.)

In ample praise, my king I hear
Make worthless me his theme ;
But with a stunn'd, astonish'd ear,
I sink to dust for shame.

(2.)

What humbling wonders he performs !
On mites his picture draws ;
Then makes the despicable worms
His subject of applause.

(3.)

Lord, if I be a garden fair,
On thee the praise must land :
For all my verdant graces were
Plants of thy mighty hand.

(4.) Thy

(4.)

Thy spicy fruits thou dost approve,
 And deign'st thus to commend,
 Are blossoms of thy fruitful love,
 And on thy breath depend.

(5.)

They quickly languish, fade and die;
 They cease to bud or flow,
 And sapless, scentless, fruitless lie,
 Unless thy spirit blow.

(6.)

Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come,
 Excite the spicy vale;
 Blow on this garden of perfume
 A rousing quickening gale.

(7.)

On Zion's sons, O sp'rit divine,
 Pour grace and gifts abroad;
 Make pastors by perfumes of thine,
 A favour sweet to God.

(8.)

Sharp gales from chilling north command,
 To rouse the seeds of grace:
 Then warming south's soft wings expand,
 Till spices flow apace.

(9.)

From ev'ry point, O mighty winds,
 Blow a new Pentecost:
 Let blinded atheistic minds
 Know there's a Holy Ghost.

(10.)

O let my best beloved come,
 And spread his area broad
 With choicest fruits of rich perfume,
 Most grateful to my God.

(11.) My

(11.)

My garden's his (in all its views)
The life, the sap, the root;
The product whole to him accrues,
From whom is all the fruit.

(12.)

Come, else the banquet cannot stand;
Come bring thy pleasing treat,
The fruits of thy laborious hand,
And toil with bloody sweat.

Or shorter thus :

(1.)

Am I the garden heav'n can own,
Where living waters flow,
As crystal rivers from the throne
To make the planting grow?

(2.)

O heav'nly wind, awake and come,
Blow all thy gracious gales
On this my garden of perfume,
Else all its favour fails.

(3.)

O holy Spirit, from above
My with'ring heart inspire,
And raise, by various forms of love,
As various wants require.

(4.)

Let northern breezes fill my sails
With sharp convincing grace:
Then, from the south, refreshing gales
Resume their joyful place.

(5.)

Make all the spices flow abroad,
All graces active here,
To entertain my Lord and God,
Faith, love and joy appear.

(6.) Let

(6.)

Let my belov'd his prefence sweet
 Now to his garden grant,
 To taste his pleasant fruits, and eat
 What he himself did plant.

C H A P. V.

CHRIST'S Words.

Ver. 1. *I am come in to my garden, my sister, my spouse; I have gathered my myrrhe with my spice, I have eaten my hony-comb with my hony, I have drunk my wine with my milk: eat O friends, drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.*

(1.)

MY Love, in answer to thy pray'r,
 I'm here at thy request;
 And ready both to give and share
 The pleasure of the feast.

(2.)

I'm come, my spouse and sister dear,
 I'm to my garden come
 To gather up my spice and myrrhe,
 I'm pleas'd with this perfume.

(3.)

My graces relish like a feast
 Of hony, milk and wine;
 I make myself a welcome guest,
 The fruits are mine and thine.

(4.) Eat,

The SONG of SOLOMON. 137

(4.)

Eat, drink, O friends, whom I approve,
I also welcome you;
Yea, drink abundance of my love,
Full freedom I allow.

(5.)

Your fainting spirits here refresh
With plenty spread abroad,
The grace and love, the blood and flesh
Of your incarnate God.

(6.)

Not elect angels ever share
Such strange and matchless food;
They feast on their Creator's care,
Not your Redeemer's blood,

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 2. *I sleep, but my heart waketh: It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is wet with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.*

(1.)

The heart of Jesus kind I see,
But mine ungrateful fails;
Two natures are at odds in me,
And oft the worst prevails.

(2.)

Both *sleeping flesh* I have, that rests
In sloth unto my shame;
And *waking grace*, that still protests
Against the lazy frame.

S

(3.) Hence,

(3.)

Hence, tho' I sleep, I at my heart
 Some inward knocking hear;
 'Tis Jesus voice, his loving dart
 Thus wounds my waking ear.

(4.)

" Come, open, my unspotted dove,
 " Thy heart I bolted find;
 " Awake, my sister; rise, my love,
 " Let in thy dearest friend.

(5.)

" Wrath's mid-night show'r bedew'd my locks,
 " Storms on my head did blow:
 " Wilt thou unkindly slight my knocks
 " Who suffer'd for thee so,

(6.)

" And now stand waiting patiently
 " To give the purchast good,
 " At present ready to apply
 " The blessings of my blood?

*Ver. 3. I have put off my coat, how shall I put it
 on? I have washed my feet, how shall I defile
 them?*

(1.)

When thus in most indearing terms
 Kind Jesus knock'd and cry'd,
 My heart, resisting heav'nly charms,
 On bed of sloth reply'd;

(2.)

" My clothes are off, my nap is sweet,
 " How shall I rise undrest?
 " How shall I stain my new-washt feet?
 " Excuse me, let me rest.

(3.) My

(3.)

My non-admission of his grace
His holy spirit vex;
My answer for my laziness
Was but a vile pretext.

Ver. 4. *My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, and my bowels were moved * for him.*

(1.)

When I so shamefully refus'd
Access to my belov'd,
Another kindly way he us'd,
Which my affections mov'd.

(2.)

Tho' I his Word did basely slight,
Yet, ere I was aware,
His Spirit by resistless might
Did kindly draw the bar.

(3.)

He, to unbolt the door, put in
His gracious hand of pow'r:
Then did his love upbraid my sin,
And melt my bowels fore.

Ver. 5. *I rose to open to my beloved, and my hands dropped with myrrhe, and my fingers with sweet-smelling myrrhe, upon the handles of the lock.*

(1.)

How long he stood, how oft he knock'd,
How patient who can tell!
What drops of grace on th' entry lock'd
From his sweet fingers fell!

S 2

(2.) At

* Or in me.

(2.)

At length I rose from off my bed,
 My drowsy bed of sloth,
 To open to my spouse, who had
 My solemn marriage-oath.

(3.)

Soon by the wet lock-handles were
 My fingers moistned much,
 And sweetly dropt with oil of myrrhe
 Left by his melting touch.

(4.)

His quickning sp'rit heart-fetters broke,
 And heal'd my dull disease;
 As dropping oil that makes the lock
 Soon yield and ope with ease.

Ver. 6. *I opened to my beloved, but my beloved
 had withdrawn himself, and was gone: my heart
 failed when he spake. I sought him, but I could
 not find him; I called him, but he gave me no
 answer.*

(1.)

I op'ned straight to my belov'd,
 Expecting his embrace;
 But, ah, from thence he had remov'd,
 And justly hid his face.

(2.)

Mine aking heart did now collect
 His words that gave the wound,
 And, wailing sore my base neglect,
 Away my spirit swoon'd.

(3.)

With great perplexity I sought,
 But him I could not find;
 I call'd, but, ah, no answer got,
 To ease my restless mind.

(4.) So

(4.)

So much my former slothfulness
To present damage turn'd;
In grief I doubled mine address,
Yet still his absence mourn'd.

Ver. 7. *The watchmen that went about the city
found me, they smote me, they wounded me;
the keepers of the wall took away my vail
from me.*

(1.)

When I, in private means, with care
Had fought, but fought in vain;
I try'd his public courts, but there
Redoubled was my pain.

(2.)

Kind pastors formerly condol'd
My case with sympathy;
But now I met with such a rul'd
With force and cruelty *.

(3.)

Untender watchmen, on their rounds
In open streets, me got,
Afflicted me with many wounds,
And without mercy smote.

(4.)

They hurt my name, my head, my crown,
And sore reproach'd my zeal;
Wall-keepers rude thus beat me down,
And tore away my vail.

(5.)

My fair profession they defam'd,
Nor did my failings hide;
A strolling harlot I was nam'd,
And not a loving bride.

Ver.

* Ezek. xxxiv. 4.

Ver. 8. *I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him that I am
sick of love.*

(1.)

O Salem's race, when watchmen wound,
Won't ye more favour shew?
What pity can't with them be found,
May I expect with you.

(2.)

I want my soul's beloved one,
None else can give me ease:
I'm sick of love; Oh is there none
To tell him my disease?

(3.)

His absence from my soul is death;
O, if ye find his grace,
I charge you with my dying breath
To represent my case.

The COMPANIONS Words.

Ver. 9. *What is thy beloved more than another
Beloved, O thou fairest among women? what is
thy beloved more than another beloved, that thou
dost so charge us?*

(1.)

Fair lover, thou who dost to us
Thy moaning speech direct,
Whose shining beauteous carriage thus
Commands our high respect;

(2.)

The object does thy love engage,
We judge by viewing thee,
Must surely be some personage
Of very high degree.

(3.) What's

The SONG of SOLOMON. 143

(3.)

What's thy belov'd? pray let us know,
For whom thou art so sad,
And giv'st such solemn charge, as tho'
He not an equal had.

(4.)

Thou fairest beauty, can't thou see
His match when he removes?
Pray what alluring charms has he
Beyond all other loves?

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 10. *My beloved is white and ruddy, the **
chiefest among ten thousands.

(1.)

If why I love my Jesus so,
The wondring world enquire,
My grounds are such as, did they know,
Their hearts would also fire.

(2.)

O there is no belov'd like mine!
He's white and ruddy both;
All human beauties, all divine
His glorious person clothe.

(3.)

White in his natures both descry'd,
From ev'ry blemish free;
And ruddy in his garments dy'd
With blood he shed for me.

(4.) Was

* Or *Standard-bearer.*

(4.)

Was he not red but only white,
The lily not the rose,
He might suffice the angels sight;
But I am none of those.

(5.)

Was he not white but only red,
A suff'rer for his sin,
His blood would rest upon his head,
Nor could I joy therein.

(6.)

But here's my joy and confidence,
Both mixt I see by faith,
The whiteness of his innocence,
The redness of his death.

(7.)

Since for my sin he bore disgrace,
Who yet from sin was free;
This makes his white and ruddy face
A beauty meet for me.

(8.)

The chief of chiefs, beyond compare,
Immanuel, God-man,
Among ten thousand ensigns fair
Triumphant leads the van.

(9.)

To him the heav'ns their homage bring,
To him celestial throngs,
Ten thousand saints and angels sing,
With rapture on their tongues.

(10.)

Created wisdom cannot scan
The root of Jesse's rod,
Nor speak the greatness of the man,
The grandeur of the God.

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Ver. 11. *His head is as the most fine gold, his locks are bushy and black as a raven.*

(1.)

His head which once was crown'd with thorns,
And where all wisdom dwells,
A crown of glory bright adorns,
Which finest gold excells.

(2.)

So firm, so bright, so eminent,
And durable for ay,
Is his extensive government,
And universal sway.

(3.)

Black as a rav'n's his curled hair
And bushy locks; a mark,
That still his age is fresh and fair,
His counsels deep and dark.

(4.)

Beauties of youth and age agree
To deck his awful sway;
Fair youth without inconstancy,
Full age without decay.

Ver. 12. *His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and * fitly set.*

(1.)

His dove-like eyes most bright appear
Like these the brooks have wet,
Or milky streams have moistned clear,
Like diamonds fitly set.

T

(2.) These

* Fitly placed, and set as a precious stone in the foil of a ring.

(2.)

These sparkling eyes with piercing sight
 O'ersee the shades of death ;
 Inspecting secrets of the night,
 And searching hell beneath.

(3.)

He with his fix'd and steady eyes
 Beholding distant parts,
 Both deeps divine of counsel spies,
 And deeps of human hearts.

(4.)

Behold both loftiness and love
 In his omniscient eye ;
 The eagle temper'd with the dove,
 With meekness, majesty.

Ver. 13. *His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as
 * sweet flowers, his lips like lilies dropping sweet-
 smelling myrrhe.*

(1.)

His rosy cheeks a bed of flow'rs
 Still tow'ring up perfume ;
 Or spices that with summer-show'rs
 Their sweetest scent resume.

(2.)

These very cheeks he once resign'd
 To them that pluckt the hair,
 Most sweetly to th' enlighten'd mind
 Refreshing virtue share.

(3.)

His lips, resembling lily-blooms,
 Drop sav'ry words of grace,
 Like oil of myrrhe with fine perfumes,
 To suit a fainting case.

(4.) The

* Towers of perfume.

(4.)

Thy balmy drops his lips afford
Give life to sons of death :
The vital flavour of his word
Restores expiring breath.

Ver. 14. *His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl : his * belly is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires.*

(1.)

His hands are fairer to behold,
Tho' once nail'd to the tree,
Than beryls set in rings of gold ;
So rich in bounty's he.

(2.)

His operations mighty, vast,
No mortal understands ;
For all the works of God have past
Thro' these his precious hands.

(3.)

No iv'ry fine so bright is found
With sapphires overlaid,
As bowels of compassion round
Do gild his pierced side.

(4.)

The love about his heart that twines
Still firm, without decay,
In instances unnumber'd shines
With sparkling bright array.

Ver. 15. *His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold. His countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.*

T 2

(1.) His

* Or bowels, the same word as in V. 4.

(1.)

His legs like marble pillars stand
 On golden sockets fine ;
 So firm's the throne of his command,
 So ev'n his paths divine.

(2.)

His stately steps, his steady way,
 His stable kingdom, proves
 He's solid gold, not mould'ring clay
 Like fading mortal loves.

(3.)

His countenance more lofty is
 Than Lebanon by far ;
 More excellent than all its trees
 And stately cedars are.

(4.)

So high, so eminent is he,
 That in his person shine
 The glories of the deity,
 With majesty divine.

Ver. 16. *His mouth is most sweet : yea, † he is altogether lovely.*——

(1.)

Lo, his blest mouth, that once did taste
 The bitter gall for me,
 With charms divinely sweet is grac'd,
 Unto the last degree.

(2.)

Grace pour'd into his lips, always
 Does thence so sweetly run ;
 They share the father's grace for ay
 Who do but kiss the son.

(3.) His

† *He is all desires.*

(3.)

His mouth a triple heav'n imports,
A word, a smile, a kiss ;
A triple doom to dash their sports
Whose lips profane the bliss.

(4.)

How hard, tho' sweet, this limning task !
I faint, I must succumb,
He is (if what he is, you ask)
All over loves, in sum.

(5.)

How weak my tongue his glory sings,
Which drowns seraphic art ;
He's all desirable things,
And charms in ev'ry part.

(6.)

Adoring heav'ns his name confess
The infinite unknown,
And in created human dress
The uncreated ONE.

(7.)

Their tongues that do his glory speak,
In loud and lofty lays,
For higher notes are still to seek,
And never reach his praise.

(8.)

I wrong his name with words so faint,
Nor half his worth declare :
Can finite pensils ever paint
The infinitely fair ?

*—This is my beloved, this is my friend, O
daughters of Jerusalem.*

(1.) My

(1.)

My union to his person dear
Bears such substantial bliss;
All mortal loves and friendships here
Are but the shade of this.

(2.)

Whatever sweet relations be
'Mong creatures great or small,
There's infinite disparity
Between him and them all.

(3.)

Yet how much in himself he is,
So much he is to me:
For he is mine, and I am his,
And evermore shall be.

(4.)

The more I hold his glory forth,
Or would his name unfold;
The more incomparable worth
I still in him behold.

(5.)

Now this, O Salem's progeny,
This, is my love, my friend;
Search heav'n and earth, but sure am I
His match you'll never find.

(6.)

Your question far exceeds my reach,
What's thy belov'd? said ye:
His praise defeats my fault'ring speech;
But (pray you) *come and see.*

C H A P. VI.

The COMPANIONS Words.

Ver. 1. *Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? whither is thy beloved gone aside? that we may seek him with thee.*

(1.)

SUCH glorious things are told by thee
About thy matchless mate;
His seekers too we fain would be,
And share thy happy state.

(2.)

Thy holy walk and talk is such,
Thy countenance so fair,
We think whom thou commend'st so much
Must be beyond compare.

(3.)

O where is thy beloved gone?
Thou fairest of thy king,
So happy in that glorious one
On whom thou set'st thy mind.

(4.)

Where is he gone? pray let us know
What place frequents he most?
That we in quest of him may go,
Nor find our travel lost.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 2. *My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.*

(1.) Lo,

(1.)

Lo, my belov'd, tho' he enthron'd
 In glory keeps his place,
 Yet here below is to be found
 In gardens of his grace.

(2.)

He plants, he waters ev'ry tree,
 His blessing makes them spring;
 Then gladly comes he down to see
 What rich increase they bring.

(3.)

He walks among the spicy beds,
 Where aromatics flow;
 And in his young plantation feeds,
 Where fruits delicious grow.

(4.)

He gathers there his chosen crop
 Of lilies without toil;
 And, when full ripe, he picks them up,
 To deck his fairer soil.

(5.)

Th' assemblies of his growing saints
 Are still his chief repair:
 Whoe'er his gracious presence wants,
 May seek with success there.

Ver. 3. *I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine:
 he feedeth among the lilies.*

(1.)

Tho' now my Lord from me abscond,
 Yet judge him not unkind:
 In's temple oft I have him found,
 And hope again to find.

(2.) And,

* See chap. ii. 16. this more largely explained

(2.)

And, tho' from me to *sense* he hides,
My *faith* holds fast his name :
Mine int'rest in him firm abides,
I will not quit my claim.

(3.)

He has my warmest love ingross,
And I possess his heart ;
His love and mine unite, I boast,
Nor death, nor hell can part.

(4.)

The bond of love so firm abides
Ev'n in the darkest day,
That, tho' behind the shade he hides,
He's never far away.

(5.)

Tho' he his noblest table spreads
Among his flow'rs above ;
Yet here amidst his lily-beds
He keeps his feasts of love.

(6.)

The ordinances of his grace
Are fields of his repair ;
There I have seen his glorious face,
And you may see him there.

CHRIST'S *Words.*

Ver. 4. *Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah,
comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with
banners.*

(1.)

How comely is the bride I see,
Who thus mine absence wail'd,
And kindly thought and spoke of me
Ev'n when my face was wail'd !

U

(2.) Thy

(2.)

Thy zeal for me when I withdrew
 I highly must approve ;
 And now return to thee, to shew
 My great respect and love.

(3.)

I did forgive, and have forgot
 All thine infirmities :
 Thy holy soul, from sin remote,
 Is beauteous in mine eyes.

(4.)

More fair thou art, my lovely prey,
 More comely in my sight,
 Than ever Tirzah once so gay,
 Or Salem once so bright.

(5.)

Thine aspect's awful majesty
 Does strike thy foes with fear ;
 As armies do, when banners fly,
 And martial flags appear.

(6.)

How does thine armour glitt'ring bright
 Their frightened spirits quell !
 The weapons of thy warlike might
 Defy the gates of hell.

Ver. 5. *Turn away thine eyes from me, for they
 have overcome me* *.

(1.)

Small wonder that thy foes must bow
 When faith does keep the field ;
 For, lo, I am thy captive too,
 And kindly forc'd to yield.

(2.) Thy

* See more on this subject, Chap. iii. 4. and iv. 9.

(2.)

Thy charming eyes of faith and love,
That make myself their prize,
Have overcome me ; pray remove
And turn away thine eyes.

(3.)

They pow'rfully my heart detain,
My kindly passions fill :
Yet no unwilling vict'ry gain,
But win me to thy will.

(4.)

Thy daring, gallant arms of grace,
Have o'er me such a sway ;
I'm conquer'd with their kind embrace,
And cannot say thee nay.

(5.)

Thy piercing eyes, that ravish me,
Command me as they list :
My spirit's aiding force in thee
Is pow'r I can't resist.

(6.)

Cease, wrestling Jacob, *let me go,*
My Love, *let me alone :*
If not, except I bless thee ; lo !
My blessing thou hast won.

—— * *Thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead. Ver. 6. Thy teeth are as a flock of sheep, which go up from the washing, whereof every one beareth twins, and there is not one barren among them. Ver. 7. As a piece of a pomegranate are thy temples within thy locks.*

U 2

(1.) Thy

* See these words more largely explained. Chap. iv. 1, 2, 3.

(1.)

Thy slothful carriage toward me
At our last interview,
Tho' I observ'd with jealousy,
And thereupon withdrew ;

(2.)

Yet never judge thy change of frame
My heart from thee could move ;
For still (like solid rocks) the same
Is my unshaken love.

(3.)

Thy praise I sounded in thine ears
Ere thou wast so unkind ;
And now indulge no faithless fears,
As if I chang'd my mind.

(4.)

For, to evince the love I bore
Does still the same remain,
I now commend thee as before,
And in the former strain.

(5.)

Gay, like a comely flock of goats
On Gilead's stately height,
Is thine adorning hair, that notes
Thy conversation bright.

(6.)

No broider'd ornamental hair,
That trims up mortal clay,
Can parallel the heav'nly air
Of thy well-order'd way.

(7.)

Thy teeth the bread of life that eat,
And feed upon my flesh,
Are acts of faith in number great,
In nature fair and fresh.

(8.) Thine

The SONG of SOLOMON. 157

(8.)

Thine active zeal, yet mild, does keep
A just equality,
Like ev'nly rounded flocks of sheep
New past the shearer's eye.

(9.)

Thy purity exceeds their fleece
Washt in the crystal flood ;
Thy fruits of holiness and peace
Outvie their num'rous brood.

(10.)

There does not in the flock appear
One barren, fruitless womb :
But all by twins their offspring bear,
And bring them bleating home.

(11.)

Like 'granates halv'd thy temples fair
Within thy locks appear,
While ruddy blushes deck thy pray'r
When none but God doth hear.

(12.)

Thou modest hid'st thy rosy cheeks,
When sins with shame 'em flush :
Yet, thro' the mask, thy mein detects
Thy beauteous holy blush.

Ver. 8. *There are threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, and virgins without number.* Ver. 9. *My dove my undefiled is but one ; she is the only one of her mother, she is the choice one of her that bare her : the daughters saw her, and blessed her ; yea, the queens and the concubines, and they praised her.*

(1.) Thy

(1.)

Thy song gave me the chiefeſt name
 Among ten thouſand heirs,
 And thee the faireſt I proclaim
 Among ten thouſand fairs.

(2.)

Queens, concubines and virgins are
 Unnumber'd, whom they call
 Bright dazling beauties, charming fair ;
 But thou excell'ſt them all.

(3.)

Moſt holy ſouls (of high deſcent)
 Are beauties moſt renown'd :
 The righteous is more excellent
 Than all his neighbours round.

(4.)

My ſpotleſs dove as one I view,
 Yea, all in one to me ;
 Her mother-church's darling too,
 And choiceſt progeny.

(5.)

The daughters, here profeſſing friends,
 Beheld her beauty great ;
 And ſtraight admir'd her in their minds,
 And bleſt her in the gate.

(6.)

Yea, queens and damſels more renown'd
 Did all to her give place,
 And with extolling praiſes crown'd
 Her comely ſhining grace.

Ver. 10. *Who is ſhe that looketh forth as the morning,
 fair as the moon, clear as the ſun, and terrible
 as an army with banners ?*

(1.) " Who's

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(1.)

“ Who’s this (said they) so brightly springs
“ Like to the morning-ray,
“ That cleaves night-shades with silver wings,
“ To haste the golden day ?

(2.)

“ Much fairer than the gilded moon
“ Her graces shine in dress,
“ And clearer than the sun at noon
“ Her spotless righteousness.

(3.)

“ Behold, in love to brats forlorn,
“ What wonders heav’n performs !
“ That does with stateliness adorn
“ Defil’d and lothsom worms.

(4.)

“ By armour which her captain lends,
“ Until her warfare close,
“ She’s render’d helpful to her friends,
“ And hurtful to her foes.

(5.)

“ Yea, while she does her rank maintain,
“ And cast her airs abroad,
“ Her grace is awful toward men,
“ And pow’rful toward God.

Ver. 11. *I went down into the garden of nuts, to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the vine flourished, and the pomegranates budded.*

(1.)

With friendly mind I hid my face,
Yet went not far away,
Retiring but a little space
My orchard to survey.

(2.) I went

(2.)

I went but down to see anew
 My garden of sweet nuts,
 Within the shady grove, and view
 The pleasant valley-fruits :

(3.)

To notice round my labour'd plain,
 If all was very good ;
 If tender vines produc'd their grain,
 And pomegranates their bud :

(4.)

If all the water'd flow'ry plains,
 Along the verdant field,
 Did fruits, proportion'd to my pains,
 Ev'n in my absence yield.

(5.)

Into my heart what chearfulness
 And pleasure did it bring,
 To see the early buds of grace
 And blossoms of the spring?

(6.)

I ravish'd saw my beauteous bride
 Lament my absence sore ;
 Nor could myself in thickets hide
 From her a moment more.

Ver. 12. *Or ever I was aware, my soul * made me
 like the chariots of Ammi-nadib.*

(1.)

Such had my bride's inviting frame
 Ev'n in my absence been,
 No longer could I hide the flame
 Of my affections keen.

(2.) Ravish'd,

* *Or set me on the chariots of my princely willing people.*

(2.)

Ravish'd, ere (in effect) I knew,
My bowels did me move ;
Into her praying arms I flew
On speedy wings of love.

(3.)

Sweet rapt'rous passion rose in me,
But most divine in mode,
As far as rapture can agree
Or passion to a God.

(4.)

My fond affections vehement
In ways of grace divine,
All towards her intensely bent,
Pursu'd their love-design.

(5.)

My *willing people* I provide
Bright graces, *princely* charms.
And in these fiery chariots ride
With speed into their arms.

(6.)

Oil'd wheels of faith and warm desire,
That make myself their chase,
Fetch from mine altar still more fire
Of sweet surprising grace.

(7.)

No chariot of Ammi-nadib,
However swift or bright,
The heav'nly rapture can describe
Of love's delicious flight.

(8.)

So rapid oft, tho' never rash,
The motions of my grace,
'Tween heav'n and earth, are like a flash
Of lightning in a trice.

Ver. 13. *Return, return, O Shulamite, return, return, that we may look upon thee : what will ye see in the Shulamite? as it were the company of two armies.*

(1.)

Love, in my absence short, wast thou
With sin and grief oppress?
O blame thy faithless heart, and now
Return unto thy rest.

(2.)

With confidence and without fear
Thy heav'nly husband face,
Who wills thee boldly to appear
Before his throne of grace.

(3.)

The heav'ns unite their voice with mine
Thy heart-return to move :
Allow thyself no more to whine,
Suspicious of my love.

(4.)

Return, O drooping Shulamite,
In haste return; for we
Heav'n's TRINITY and hosts unite
With joy to welcome thee.

(5.)

We want to see thee, at his call
Whose *peace* thy name adorns;
He with his saints and angels all
Will joy at thy *returns*.

(6.)

What, in the feeble Shulamite
What's to be seen? (you'll say)
Is struggling grace a goodly sight,
When sin regains the day?

(7.) Nay,

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(7.)

Nay, lo, my bride (tho' apt she be
Herself to under-rate)
I, on the field of battle, see
In warlike pomp and state.

(8.)

Behold, two armies in her camp,
The doubled hosts of God ;
Her lovers charm, her haters damp,
Her happy triumph bode.

C H A P. VII.

CHRIST'S *Words.*

Ver. 1. *How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter ! The joints of thy thighs are like jewels, the work of the hand of a cunning workman.*

(1.)

FAIR bride, thy beauties I'll extol
So lovely in my sight :
For I my new creation whole
Still view with great delight.

(2.)

How noble is thy high descent,
Not sordid from the earth !
How does thy gesture document
Thy new and heav'nly birth !

X 2

(3.) O

(3.)

O princeſs of the royal race !
 Thy feet with golden ſhoes,
 Do ſparkle, while thy walk, thro' grace,
 Becomes the goſpel-news.

(4.)

The ſteps of thy affections clean,
 And converſation fair,
 Display a heav'nly, royal mein,
 A ſweet and ſtately air.

(5.)

The joints, that ſtrength and motion do
 To thy right ſteps impart,
 Like orient jewels burniſh'd new,
 Speak holy curious art.

(6.)

Thro' thy fair port in ſacred things
 Thy joints as gems appear ;
 While holy principles and ſprings
 Thy courſe of duty ſteer.

*Ver. 2. Thy navel is like a round goblet, which
 wanteth not liquor : thy belly is like an heap of
 wheat, ſet about with lilies.*

(1.)

As is thy ſparkling bright aray
 Form'd to thy pedigree ;
 So with thy ſhining outward way
 Thine inward ſhapes agree.

(2.) A

(2.)

A wretched infant once thou wast,
To open field cast out,
From native blood and stains unwasht,
Nor was thy navel cut.

(3.)

But now, how neat's thy gracious form,
Fed by a glorious spring !
Since grace transform'd the loathsom worm,
To quite another thing.

(4.)

Thy infant-brood to ripeness grows,
Which thy kind bowels feed,
Like to a bowl that overflows
With liquor for their need.

(5.)

My spirit is (to fill thy cup,
And give thee rich increase)
A well of water springing up
In thee to endless bliss.

(6.)

Thy fruitful womb an heap of wheat
* Assimulates in mode ;
Thy royal marriage makes thee meet
For bearing fruit to God.

(7.)

Fruit deckt around with flow'rs-de-luce,
Each grace of active vent ;
A product rich of fruit for use,
With flow'rs for ornament.

(8.)

Fair Zion's fertile womb has meat
For babes her lily-brood ;
And yields them plenteous store of wheat,
When ripe for solid food.

Ver.

* Resembles.

Ver. 3. *Thy two breasts are like two young roes
that are twins* *.

(1.)

Thy breasts of love resemble roes
That seem delightful twins ;
Such equal care to feed thou shows,
Thy babes in sacred inns.

(2.)

Thou op'nest frank a twofold breast,
Two test'ments and two seals,
Which to thy children yield a feast
Of milk for daily meals.

(3.)

Thine equal breasts delightful feed
With milk of sweet solace,
In just proportion to the need
Of all the babes of grace.

(4.)

My children dear nurs'd at thy side
Thy kindly bowels show,
And plainly prove my beauteous bride
A fruitful mother too.

Ver. 4. † *Thy neck is as a tower of ivory, thine
eyes like the fish-pools of Heshbon by the gate
of Bath-rabbim. Thy nose is as the tower of
Lebanon, which looketh toward Damascus.*

(1.)

Thy neck of precious faith excells
The fairest iv'ry tower ;
It holds the glorious head, and dwells
Upon the rock of power.

(2.) Rais'd

* See Chap. iv. 5.

† See Chap. iv. 4.

(2.)

Rais'd and conspicuous, it attracts
All eyes, and wonder breeds :
It stands renown'd for valiant acts,
For strange and mighty deeds.

(3.)

No iv'ry whiter than the swan
Can match thy precious faith :
No tow'r with equal boldness can
Defy the gates of death.

(4.)

Thine eyes like Heshbon's clear fish-pools
Near by Bath-rabbim's gate,
Enlightned brightly, twit the fools,
That hug blind nature's state.

(5.)

More clear than any silver brook,
Thine eyes of knowledge trace
Hid myst'ries in the sacred book,
Unfathom'd deeps of grace.

(6.)

But all conceal'd this glory lies
From haughty sons of pride,
Whose boasted wit does blind their eyes,
And heavenly light deride.

(7.)

Thy nose of quick sagacity
Like Leb'non's tower does rise,
And with bold look Damascus spy,
To face thine enemies.

(8.)

Because they strong and subtle are,
Thou keepst the frontier-tow'r ;
To smell their policy afar,
And watch against their pow'r.

Ver. 5. *Thine head upon thee is like * Carmel, and
the hair of thine head like purple ;*————

(1.)

Thy heav'nly mind intelligent
Excels the wise on earth,
While strangers to thy high descent,
And to thy heav'nly birth.

(2.)

Thy lofty head and stately brow
Looks to the heav'ns above,
And scornful smiles on all below,
As worthless of thy love.

(3.)

Thy helmet and thy head-piece is
Hope built on precious blood :
High is thy head extoll'd by this
'Bove ev'ry foe and flood.

(4.)

Higher by far than Carmel top,
The walls of heav'n to scale ;
When thine advent'rous, soaring hope
Takes place within the vale.

(5.)

Th' excellency of Carmel high
Can't match thy crimson head ;
Its hairs are of the purple dye
Which once thy Lord did bleed.

(6.)

Each pin that holds thy hair in dress,
Each glance from grace within,
Speaks universal stateliness ;
Not one disorder'd pin.

(7.) Each

* Or crimson.

(7.)

Each holy air around thy face
Does so thy beauty 'enhance,
A lustre shines in ev'ry grace,
A charm in ev'ry glance.

—— *The king is * held in the galleries.*

(1.)

To prove the beauty ravishing
And lustre of thy dress ;
How does it captivate the king,
And deep his heart impress !

(2.)

Jesus, the king of kings renown'd,
Is held within thine arms,
In gall'ries of his grace, and bound
A captive to thy charms.

(3.)

The glorious and majestic one,
Whom death could ne'er detain,
Is by thy pow'rful graces won
And ty'd as with a chain.

(4.)

Strange loveliness it is that sways
The regent of the skies !
Constraining him to stay and gaze ;
It so attracts his eyes.

(5.)

Bold with the king are faith's efforts ;
Bless'd they the conquest share !
Who win him to his sacred courts,
And then can hold him there.

Y

(6.) Such

* Or bound.

(6.)

Such is the glory of his grace,
 He boasts to be o'ercome;
 And feasts the victor with solace,
 Who fought but for a crumb.

Ver. 6 * *How fair and how pleasant art thou, O
 Love, for delights!*

(1.)

O Love, no words can specify
 Thy forms of loveliness;
 Delights of diverse kinds in thee
 Are more than I express.

(2.)

No equal for delights hast thou,
 No match on earth below:
 I call thee fair and pleasant too,
 Because I made thee so.

(3.)

My Love, thy dress without how fair!
 Within, how sweet to me!
 My righteousness and graces are
 The robes I made for thee.

(4.)

My lab'ring life was spent throughout
 The marriage-suit to spin,
 That makes my bride all fair without,
 All glorious too within.

Ver. 7. *This thy stature is like to a palm-tree,
 and thy breasts to clusters of grapes.*

(1.)

The sweet proportion I observe
 Of graces fair in thee;
 None from their proper station swerve,
 But act harmoniously.

(2.) Thy

* Or, *how art thou made fair.*

(2.)

Thy stature, like the palm-tree firm,
Is stately, straight and tall :
No burden can the flourish harm,
No years the growth enthrall.

(3.)

Thy breasts of love to me and mine,
Square to the gospel-plan,
Chear, like the clusters full of wine,
The heart of God and man.

Ver. 8. *I said, I will go up to the palm-tree, I will
take hold of the boughs thereof : now also thy
breasts shall be as clusters of the vine, and the
smell of thy nose like apples ;*

(1.)

" I will, said I, this palm-tree climb,
" This lovely walk approve,
" And to my bride in holy trim
" I'll manifest my love *.

(2.)

" I'll apprehend, by saving grace,
" As I decreed of old,
" Her little boughs, her tender race,
" And never quit the hold.

(3.)

Lo, heav'n shall then thy breasts inspire,
As clusters fill'd with wine :
My presence shall thy graces fire
To thy content and mine.

(4.)

The breath of life thy nostrils blow
Shall with sweet scent abound
No sav'ry apples e'er could throw
Such grateful odours round.

Y 2

Ver.

* John xiv. 21.

Ver. 9. *And the roof of thy mouth like the best wine, (for * my Beloved) that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of † those that are asleep to speak.*

(1.)

Thy pallat drench'd with holy love
Shall drop the richest wine :
So sweet thy pray'rs and praise shall prove
A feast to me and mine.

(2.)

I'll taste thy chear, and speak it good,
For thou'lt in upright ways
Derive it from my plenitude,
Devote it to my praise.

(3.)

Drops from the living vine that stream
With sweetness down will go ;
To make thy cold affections flame,
Thy wither'd graces grow.

(4.)

My spirit's gen'rous wine will make
The old renew their days,
The dead to live, the dull to wake,
The dumb to speak my praise.

The CHURCH'S Words.

Ver. 10. *I am my Beloved's, and his desire is towards me.*

(1.)

Lo, how my loving Lord commends
Base me, who blush to hear,
And blood of grapes from Eshcol sends
My drooping heart to chear.

(2.) I'm

* *A parenthesis of the bride's, say some.*

† *Or, the ancient.*

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(2.)

I'm not mine own, but his I'll be
Whose love my heart doth fire,
And thus has fix'd on worthless me
His conjugal desire.

(3.)

What line can this love-ocean sound !
What tongue it's measure tell !
Whose height immense, and depth profound,
Won heav'n, and vanquish'd hell.

*Ver. 11. Come, my Beloved, let us go forth into
the field, let us lodge in the villages.*

(1.)

Come, dearest Love, let us retire
From this vain earth's annoy ;
That undisturb'd communion near
We may alone enjoy.

(2.)

We'll chuse some secret, lonely place,
To vent our joys the more ;
And forage in the field of grace,
Until we feast in glore.

(3.)

Thy company such hidden trains
Of consolation brings ;
That, pois'd with this, my soul disdains
The pomp of earthly kings.

(4.)

In rural villages below
Come let us lodge all night,
Till dusky shades of sin and wo
Give place to glory's light.

Ver.

Ver. 12. *Let us go up early to the vineyards, let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth; there will I give thee my loves.*

(1.)

Unto the vineyards of thy grace
Come, let us early go;
To see in this retiring place
If all the planting grow.

(2.)

Come visit, Lord, thy sacred ground,
See how thy nurs'ries bear,
If vines and grapes and 'granates round
Their flow'ry raiment wear.

(3.)

O come along, thy succour grant,
While I thy fruits review;
For at thy presence ev'ry plant
It's verdure will renew.

(4.)

The vines their blossom will resume,
The tender grapes revive;
See how the 'granates then will bloom,
And all the graces thrive.

(5.)

In these retirements while I live,
Thy presence I'll improve;
And joyful there I will thee give
The tokens of my love.

(6.)

In nearness sweet with thee apart
I'll dash vain loves with ire,
And wholly offer thee my heart
In flames of holy fire.

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Ver. 13. *The mandrakes give a smell, and at our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits, new and old, which I have laid up for thee, O my beloved.*

(1.)

Here, Lord, for thee the garden's drest,
For thee the feast is spread :
Come then, vouchsafe with me to rest,
Below the verdant shade.

(2.)

The mandrakes here, love-fruits and flow'rs,
Do spread their odours round ;
And at our very gates sweet stores
And fruits of grace are found.

(3.)

Embracing faith is here, to meet
My lord when he appears ;
Repentance here to wash his feet
With floods of joyful tears.

(4.)

Love, joy, and all the heav'nly train,
Old fruits with new increase,
Laid up in store to entertain
The God of all my grace.

(5.)

Come thou, to whom I all devote,
O my beloved Lord ;
Lo, all that's from thy fulness got
Is for thy glory stor'd.

(6.)

'Tis thine to plant, and prune and dress ;
Thou mak'st the garden grow :
In thee my all I still possess,
To thee my all I owe.

CHAP.

C H A P. VIII.

The CHURCH'S Words.

Ver. 1. *O that thou wert as my brother, that suck-
ed the breasts of my mother ! when I should find
thee without, I would kiss thee, yea, * I should
not be despised.*

(1.)

SO sweet I find thy heav'nly charms,
Still more and more I bode ;
And long to clasp within mine arms
A whole incarnate God.

(2.)

O would thou as my brother wert,
My mother's sucking child !
I'd kiss and hug thee in my heart,
And should not be revil'd.

(3.)

Yea, in the op'nest, patent place,
Without a blush thro' shame,
I would with joyful arms embrace
The babe of Bethlehem.

(4.)

Hell could reproach thy church of old,
That lov'd a child unborn :
But now *the son is giv'n*, I'm bold
To love, and fear no scorn.

(5.) To

* Heb. *They should not despise me.*

(5.)

To him I'll give the highest room,
And joy beneath his shade,
That deign'd to bless the virgin's womb,
And human nature wed.

(6.)

My God's my brother now in dress ;
And if he would allow't,
Tho' hell should mock my fond carress,
I'd openly avow't.

*Ver. 2. I would lead thee, and bring thee into my
mother's house, who would instruct me: I would
cause thee to drink of spiced wine, and of the
juice of my pomegranate.*

(1.)

I would attend and usher thee
Into my mother's home ;
Then would her courts instructive be,
For light with pow'r would come.

(2.)

Her children would thy glory see,
Did they thy presence share :
And I for entertaining thee
Would bring my choicest fare.

(3.)

To spiced wine with 'granates juice
I would thee welcome make ;
And greatly would my heart rejoice,
Wer't better for thy sake.

(4.)

Well were the feast bestow'd on thee ;
For thine my graces are,
Who, when thou comes to feed with me,
Dost bring along the fare.

Ver. 3. *His left hand * should be under my head,
and his right hand shall embrace me †.*

(1.)

Lo, he descending from above,
In answer to my pray'r,
Enfolds me in his arms of love,
To shew his tender care.

(2.)

His left hand for my *support* he
Beneath my head does place ;
Then for my *comfort* lends he me
His right hand's soft embrace.

(3.)

His presence brings a silver show'r
Of blessings from above ;
I'm closely *guarded* with his pow'r,
And *girded* with his love.

(4.)

For my *solace* 'gainst sin and death,
I feel his glad'ning charms ;
And, for my *safety*, underneath
His everlasting arms.

(5.)

O welcome blest and happy hour
When he unveils his face ;
I'm then supported by his pow'r,
Comforted by his grace.

Ver. 4. † *I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
§ that ye stir not up, nor awake my Love, un-
til he please.*

(1.) O Sa-

* Or rather is. † See chap. ii. 6.

† See these words more largely spoken to, chap. ii. 7. and iii. 5.

§ Why should ye stir up, or why awake, etc.

(1.)

O Salem's daughters, now, I pray
And charge you, stand in aw-
T' awake my Love, or any way
Provoke him to withdraw.

(2.)

This heav'nly quiet marr not ye
With loud offensive noise ;
Why should ye rob yourselves and me
Of such uncommon joys !

(3.)

His smiles are free, he comes and goes,
The happy hour is this :
Why should ye prove such wretched foes,
To interrupt the bliss !

(4.)

My glorious Lord now rests within
Mine arms of faith and love ;
I charge myself, my heart, my sin,
Not once to stir or move.

(5.)

While he allows his visit sweet,
Let none his rest annoy ;
O may I never grieve his sp'rit,
Nor sin away my joy !

The COMPANIONS *Words.*

Ver. 5. (*Who is this that cometh up from the wil-
derness leaning upon her beloved ?*) —

(1.)

What fair and lovely bride is this !
Tho' prest with griefs and sins,
Yet, trav'ling from the wilderness,
On her beloved leans !

Z 2

(2.) How

(2.)

How boldly does she in his name
 And in his strength go on,
 All other righteousness disclaim,
 And mention his alone !

(3.)

His wings bear up her soul aloft,
 'Bove all that can molest :
 His bosom is the pillow soft
 On which her head doth rest.

(4.)

Lo, how on his almighty arms
 She can her cares unload ;
 And march thro' all opposing harms,
 Depending on her God.

(5.)

Her fir'd affections upward tow'r,
 And, with a heav'nly air,
 Contempt on earthly glory pour,
 As far below her care.

(6.)

Ascending from the wilderness
 Of sorrow, sin and thrall,
 And strongly bent for heav'nly bliss,
 She leaves the dusky ball.

The CHURCH's Words.

——— *I raised * thee up under the apple-tree :
 there thy mother brought thee forth, there she
 brought thee forth that bare thee.*

(1.)

To men's applause with mighty maze
 What small regard is due !
 But, Lord, with thee, who art my praise,
 Let me my suit pursue.

(2.) Such

* Thee in the Heb. has the mark of the mascu'ine gender.

(2.)

Such sweet experience, Lord, I had
Beneath the apple-tree ;
Under thy shadow still I'm glad
Alone to meet with thee.

(3.)

I rais'd thee up in secret pray'r,
Thy joyful help to yield :
For by thy grace I wrestled there,
And by thy grace prevail'd.

(4.)

Thy mother too that brought thee forth
Hard trav'ling with annoy,
There at her Son, her Saviour's birth
Forgot her pangs for joy.

(5.)

The saints beneath thy fruitful shade
Thy beauteous likeness wore ;
They that in sorrow travail'd had,
In joy thine image bore.

(6.)

Thy shadow thus to them and me
Such pleasure does afford,
That more and more I long to see
Thy glory there, O Lord.

Ver. 6. *Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a
seal upon thine arm :—*

(1.)

Grant, Lord, my name engrav'd may be
Upon thy heart and breast ;
And so insure thy love to me,
My glorious God and priest.

(2.) O set

(2.)

O set me stedfast as a seal
 Upon thine arm divine,
 And by confirming marks reveal
 Thy mighty love is mine.

(3.)

Grant also, Lord, my love to thee
 May firmly be imprest :
 And let thy name my signet be
 Deep stamp't upon my breast.

(4.)

O may my heart the center prove
 Of thy affections keen ;
 Thy heart the center of my love,
 And nought to interveen.

———*For love is strong as death, jealousy is cruel as the grave :*———

(1.)

Strong wings of holy love aloft
 Bear up my soul afresh,
 Which in sweet raptures dying soft
 Forgets the clog of flesh.

(2.)

While thus my heart does mounting fly
 On this seraphic wing
 In love to thee, I kindly dy
 To ev'ry mortal thing.

(3.)

As thy strong love, O Lord, to me
 Could conquer death and dread ;
 So does my ardent love to thee
 The pow'r of death exceed.

(4.) It

(4.)

It kills me, Lord ; I can't resist
This strong desire of mine :
If not with satisfaction blest,
To death, to death I pine.

(5.)

Admit me, Lord, into thy heart,
Lest my heart jealous be
That either thine from me depart,
Or mine depart from thee.

(6.)

Such jealousy would sore torment
And torture me to death ;
Like the devouring grave, intent
To stop my vital breath.

—Thy coals thereof are coals of fire, which
hath a most vehement flame.

(1.)

These jealous flames will quite consume
My soul, like burning fire ;
Unless thy loving answer come
To suit my heart's desire.

(2.)

My flaming heart does melt afresh,
If thou depart i' th' least ;
Mine ardent zeal eats up my flesh,
Love-sickness pains my breast.

(3.)

The sparks of fervid love ascend
Like mounting flames on high ;
With veh'ment force they heav'n-ward bend,
And pierce the azure sky.

(4.) O let

(4.)

O let thy bowels, Lord, be mov'd
 To grant my heart's desire :
 I'd rather die than not be lov'd,
 My heart is all on fire.

Ver. 7. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it : if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.

(1)

No waves could quench thy love, which sat
 As king upon the flood
 Of rolling vengeance vastly great,
 And on a sea of blood.

(2.)

Thus nor can many waters drown
 My flaming love to thee,
 Nor torrents of turmoil bear down
 The zeal that burns in me.

(3.)

In vain by flatt'ries or by fears
 Do hell and earth combine
 To quench the fire of love, that bears
 A stamp so much divine.

(4.)

Desertion black, nor dev'l, nor man,
 Nor air, nor earth, nor sea,
 Nor life, nor death, nor angels can
 Divorce my love from thee.

(5.)

Were wealth to bribe my love, I could
 The golden bait disdain,
 Like despicable dung that would
 Invade my heart in vain.

(6.) I cast

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(6.)

I cast contempt on suiters all
That dare compete with thee,
And value thrones no more than thrall,
Should they thy rivals be.

Ver. 8. *We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts: what shall we do for our sister, in the day when she shall be spoken for?*

(1.)

Since now, dear Lord, our mutual love
Is thus so deep imprest;
May I this access sweet improve,
That others may be blest.

(2.)

Our little sister, Lord, to wit,
A barren gentile race,
With all uncall'd, unsav'd as yet,
Tho' chosen by thy grace:

(3.)

She little knowledge hath, we see,
No fashion'd breasts of love,
No principle of grace from thee,
Nor nurture from above.

(4.)

No breasts of consolation sweet,
No word, no means of grace,
No warm milk of instruction meet
To feed her starving race.

(5.)

What shall be done for her, I pray,
And for her progeny,
When they shall on the marriage-day
Be call'd to match with thee?

A a

(6.) What

(6.)

What for our sister- church to come,
Which Jews or Greeks shall hatch ;
To bring her to the marriage-room,
And carry on the match ?

CHRIST'S *Words.*

*Ver. 9. If she be a wall, we will build upon her a
palace of silver ; and if she be a door, we will
inclose her with boards of cedar.*

(1.)

Love, I'll inform thee what we'll do
With this our sister dear,
When by the gospel-call I woo
And speak into her ear.

(2.)

If once the good work were begun,
As by my grace it shall ;
And she by faith on me alone
Built like a brazen wall :

(3.)

We'll make the wall a work compleat,
A silver palace fair *,
A temple for my holy sp'rit
To dwell for ever there.

(4.)

If once I make her heart a door
Wide ope to take me in ;
We'll as with cedar-boards secure
And strengthen her within.

(5.) W

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(5.)

We Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Will frame, advance and crown
The happy building, at our cost,
Which hell shall ne'er pull down.

(6)

Ev'n outcast gentiles base, at length
The wond'ring world shall see
In num'rous issue, beauty, strength
And grandeur rival thee.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 10. *I am a wall, and my breasts like towers :
then was I in his eyes as one that found fa-
vour.*

(1.)

Kind Lord, how gladly do I hear
Thy promise made to me,
For elect sister-churches dear !
I roll their care on thee.

(2.)

My sweet experience clears thou wilt
Thus kindly deal with them ;
For I'm a wall most firmly built
And rear'd upon thy name.

(3.)

Thou mak'st my breasts of graces grow
Like iv'ry tow'rs so high ;
I trust what love to me dost show,
To them thou won't deny.

(4.)

When grace my unbelief destroy'd,
And on my rock me fix'd,
Thy favour then my soul enjoy'd,
With sweet love-tokens mix'd.

A a 2

(5.) Then

(5.)

Then did my life's deportment shew
Thine image on my heart ;
And thou thyself with pleasure view
The grace thou didst impart.

(6.)

I'm joyful when to mind I do
These happy days recall :
By grace was I built up, and so
My little sister shall.

Ver. 11. *Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon,
he let out the vineyard unto keepers : every
one for the fruit thereof was to bring a thou-
sand pieces of silver.*

(1.)

Another object of my care,
Beside our sister dear,
Is likewise, Lord, thy vineyard fair,
Already planted here.

(2.)

Our Solomon, the prince of peace,
A vineyard did possess,
And to a multitude did lease
And let it out to dress.

(3.)

At Baal-hamon, where he plants
Upon a fruitful soil,
And servants with commission grants
To keep it from turmoil.

(4.)

He takes the care in chief, but they
An under-trust maintain ;
He wakes and keeps it night and day,
Else watchmen watch in vain.

(5.) From

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(5.)

From ev'ry servant there employ'd
He still requires the rent
Of praise, for what they have enjoy'd
And work to his content.

(6.)

Each one for fruit that he assigns
Proportion'd tribute brings,
And renders for a thousand vines
A thousand silverlings *.

CHRIST'S *Words.*

Ver. 12. *My vineyard, which is mine, is before
me: ———*

(1.)

My vineyard, Love, the object is
Of my peculiar care ;
My heart and eye is fix'd on this
More close than anywhere.

(2.)

'Tis mine by special right and grant,
By blood and conquest too ;
The state and case of ev'ry plant
Is always in my view.

(3.)

My vineyard in my bosom set
Has therein such a room,
A woman sooner can forget
The infant of her womb.

(4.) Tho'

* *Isa. vii. 23.*

(4.)

Tho' nature should her frame desert,
 And mothers monsters prove ;
 Yet Zion dwells upon the heart
 Of everlasting love.

The CHURCH'S Words.

———*Thou, O Solomon, must have a thousand;
 and those that keep the fruit thereof, two hundred.*

(1.)

True, Lord, the vineyard is thine own,
 The charge is chiefly thine ;
 Yet under thee, thou hast made known,
 The charge is also mine *.

(2.)

This vineyard of mine own, alas !
 Of late I did neglect ;
 But now I will the trust (thro' grace)
 More carefully inspect.

(3.)

My graces, talents, time, and all
 That I receive from thee,
 To husband for thy service, shall
 Be always in mine eye.

(4.)

The fruits of gratitude I'll bring,
 Which unto thee I owe :
 The vineyard's revenue, O king,
 Belongs to thee, I know.

(5.) To

* The preceeding part of this verse, though already explained and applied to Christ, yet being reckoned by some to be the Church's Words, are here also resumed as hers.

(5.)

To thee a thousand fold pertains ;
And when thou gett'st thy due,
To under-keepers for their pains
Two hundred shall accrue.

(6.)

Tho' none that labour in thy name
Shall of thy praise partake ;
Yet what respect is due to them
I'll render for thy sake.

CHRIST'S *Words.*

Ver. 13. *Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the
companions hearken to thy voice : * cause me
to hear it.*

(1.)

O thou my bride, that lov'st to haunt
The gardens of my grace,
And solemn inns where ev'ry saint
Delights to see my face ;

(2.)

I'm pleas'd thou careful' keep for me
The orchards of my love.
Until thy nobler mansion be
The paradise above.

(3.)

The saints, all thy companions dear
To social worship bent,
Are glad thy graceful words to hear,
And to thy voice intent.

(4.) Take

* Or cause me to be heard.

(4.)

Take this occasion in thy walk
 To cause me to be heard;
 Make me the subject of thy talk,
 My name to be rever'd.

(5.)

And while they to thy voice give ear,
 Cause me to hear it too,
 By flying posts of frequent pray'r:
 Full freedom I allow.

(6.)

I'll joy how oft I hear from thee,
 Until the parting skreen
 And range of hills 'twixt thee and me
 No more shall interveen.

The CHURCH'S Words.

Ver. 14. * *Make haste, my Beloved, and be thou
 like to a roe or to a young hart upon the moun-
 tains of spices.*

(1.)

Ah, Lord, communion with thee now
 Is sweet, but quickly o'er:
 We must not part, but with a view
 To meet again in glo'e.

(2.)

Mean time, let still fresh news from thee
 (My soul from sloth to purge)
 Effect thy hearing oft from me,
 As thou art pleas'd to urge.

(3.)

But O make haste to bring me home
 To that delicious place,
 Where fears and doubts can never come,
 Nor clouds to vail thy face.

(4.) Fly

* Heb. *Fly away.*

(4.)

Fly like a youthful hart or roe
On speedy wings of love :
I languish while I sin below,
And long to sing above.

(5.)

'Tis good indeed to taste thy grace
In gardens here below ;
But better far to see thy face
Above, where spices flow.

(6.)

These balmy heights thy glory fills,
Till the refreshing day :
But haste, my Love, upon the hills ;
Love cannot bear delay.

(7.)

Thy second coming must be dear,
O my Belov'd, to me ;
For, when thou shalt with clouds appear,
I'll then be like to thee.

(8.)

Thy foes that awful day may hate
And view with fearful grudge ;
But, free of dread, I long, I wait :
My Love will be my Judge.

(9.)

I ardent pant with restless eyes
To see thee face to face :
No less than glory can suffice
The appetite of grace.

(10.)

My months are ages of delay,
Each minute slowly wears ;
Till thy swift chariot roll away
These rounds of tedious years.

B b

(11.) No

(11.)

No balsom can remede my sore,
 Till Jesus from on high
 Shall cleave the starry plains, and o'er
 The crystal mountains fly.

(12.)

Roll days and years out of the way
 Between my soul and thee.
 O haste the consumation-day ;
 Amen, so let it be.



E R R A T A.

Preface, 1. page 2. line 5. for *may*, read *my*. p. 5. v. 3. l. 4. for *the* read *thee*. p. 8. v. 19. l. 4. for *flowing* read *flowery*. p. 24. v. 13 l. 2. for *bough* read *boughs*. p. 57. at the marginal note at foot for *Gen. 1. 6.* read *Gen. 1. 26.* p. 85. v. 4. l. 1. for *thy* read *the*. p. 97. v. 2. l. 3. for *thy* read *the*. p. 103. v. 5. l. 1. for *lightning* read *lighting*. p. 115. v. 9. l. 2. for *bans* read *bands*. p. 117. v. 8. l. 2. for *that* read *thee*. p. 132. v. 3. l. 4. for *How* read *Flow*. p. 147. l. 1. for *Tby* read *The*. p. 151. v. 3. l. 2. for *king* read *kind*. p. 158. v. 5. v. 1. for *bere* read *ber*.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

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THE

T H E

T E N P L A G U E S of Egypt

Named and justified.

EXOD. 7, 8, 9, 10. and 12. chap.

(1.)

TH E first, their water turn'd to *blood*,
 Their blood-thirst to requite.
 The second, caus'd vile *frogs* to croud,
 To venge their crocking spite.

(2.)

The third, turn'd all their dust to *lice*,
 Their sordid ways to wreak.
 The fourth, made swarms of *flees* arise,
 Their soaring pride to check.

(3.)

The fifth, their beasts with *murrain* kill'd,
 To smite their brutish kin.
 The sixth, with *boils* their bodys fill'd,
 To scourge the blains of sin.

(4.)

The seventh, destroy'd with *fire* and *hail*,
 Their fury to assuage.
 The eighth, made *locusts* fierce prevail,
 To recompense their rage.

(5.)

The ninth, thick *darkness* on them drew,
 For doubling Israel's tales.
 The tenth, all Egypt's *first-born* slew,
 For murdering Israel's males.

T H E

T H E
T E N C O M M A N D S

Abridged and Versified.

EXOD. XX. 3, — 18.

(1)

- (1.) **N**O God but me thou shalt adore,
I am thy God alone.
(2.) No image frame to bow before,
But idols all dethrone.

(2.)

- (3.) God's glorious name take not in vain,
For be rever'd he will.
(4.) His sacred sabbath don't profane,
Mind it is holy still.

(3.)

- (5.) To parents render due respect,
This may thy life prolong.
(6.) All murder shun and malice check,
To no man's life do wrong.

(4.)

- (7.) From thoughts of whoredom base abstain,
From words and actions vile.
(8.) Shun theft and all unlawful gain,
Nor gather wealth by guile.

(5.)

- (9.) False witness flee, and slandering spite,
Nor wilful lies invent.
(10.) Don't cover what's thy neighbour's right,
Nor harbour discontent.

F I N I S.

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